THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1916

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

LAST month we had occasion to refer to O. Henry's "An Unfinished Story" on account of its association with the late Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, whose picture played a part in a crisis in the life of a little New York shop girl. Curiously enough the element of news now turns attention toward another O. Henry story. Recently a woman of vast wealth died. In a spirit of perfect good nature Sidney Porter had portrayed her as Mrs. Maggie Brown of "The Enchanted Profile." That told of an old, old New York hotel, spoken of as the Acropolis, and of its public stenographer, the beautiful Miss Ida Bates. To this hotel came Mrs. Maggie Brown to confer, in a two-dollar room on the top floor, with various Wall Street magnates who wanted loans of a few millions apiece. From the moment that she caught sight of the profile of the beautiful stenographer it had a curious effect. Mrs. Brown adopted Ida Bates, transported her to the Bon Ton Hotel, and gave dressmakers and milliners carte blanche. As to what happened to the adoption, and the secret of the fascination of Miss Bates's profile we refer our readers to O. Henry's whimsical story.

O. Henry Again

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A propos of O. Henry, an appreciation of his work designed apparently for the British reading public appears in Stephen Leacock's *Essays and Literary Studies* under the title of "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry." Mr. Leacock is of the opinion that the majority of British readers have never heard of Sidney Porter. To these readers he attempts to introduce the American short-story teller by the use of such tales as "Jeff Peters as a Personal Magnate" from *The Gentle Grafter,* and "The Furnished Room" of *The Four Million.* Of the latter tale Mr. Leacock says that in the sheer art of narration it is surpassed by nothing done by Maupassant. But what seems to impress Mr. Leacock most is the manner in which O. Henry transformed New York by the magic of his imagination.

> He waves a wand over it and it becomes a city of mystery and romance. It is no longer the roaring, surging metropolis that we thought we knew, with its clattering elevated, its unending crowds, and on every side the repellent selfishness of the rich, the grim struggle of the poor, and the listless despair of the outcast. It has become, as O. Henry loves to call it, Bagdad upon the Subway. The glare has gone. There is a soft light suffusing the city. Its corner drug-stores turn to enchanted bazaars. From the open doors of its restaurants and palm rooms, there issues such a melody of softened music that we feel we have but to cross the threshold and there is Bagdad waiting for us beyond. A transformed

Vol. XLIII. No. 6.

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MENU OF A DINNER GIVEN BY THE SAVAGE CLUB OF LONDON TO THE LATE LORD KITCHENER

waiter hands us to a chair at a little table,—Arabian, I will swear it,—beside an enchanted rubber tree. There is red wine such as Omar Khayyam drank, here on Sixth Avenue. At the tables about us are a strange and interesting crew,—dervishes in the disguise of American business men, caliphs masquerading as tourists, bedouins from Syria and fierce fantassins from the desert turned into western visitors from Texas, and among them—can we believe our eyes,—houris from the inner harems of Ispahan and Candahar, whom we mistook but yesterday for the ladies of a Shubert chorus! As we pass out we pay our money to an enchanted cashier with golden hair,—sitting behind glass,—under the spell of some magician without a doubt,—and then taking O. Henry's hand, we wander forth among the ever changing scenes of night adventure, the mingling tragedy and humour of The Four Million that his pen alone can depict. Now did ever Haroun al Raschid and his viziers, wandering at will in the narrow streets of their Arabian city, meet such varied adventure as lies before us, strolling hand in hand with O. Henry in the new Bagdad that he reveals?

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Letters of Cooper

To the July issue of the *Yale Review* J. Fenimore Cooper, Junior, contributed certain letters written by his great-grandfather. These letters throw light both on the talented author of the *Leather Stocking* tales, and on the exceedingly touchy and irritable person who returned to his native land after many years of absence to heap criticism on his countrymen, to squabble with the newspapers, and to provoke the anger of the townspeople of Cooperstown. It is not a pleasant picture, that of the fierce old man figuratively shaking his fist at those he considered infringing on his rights. It matters not that under close

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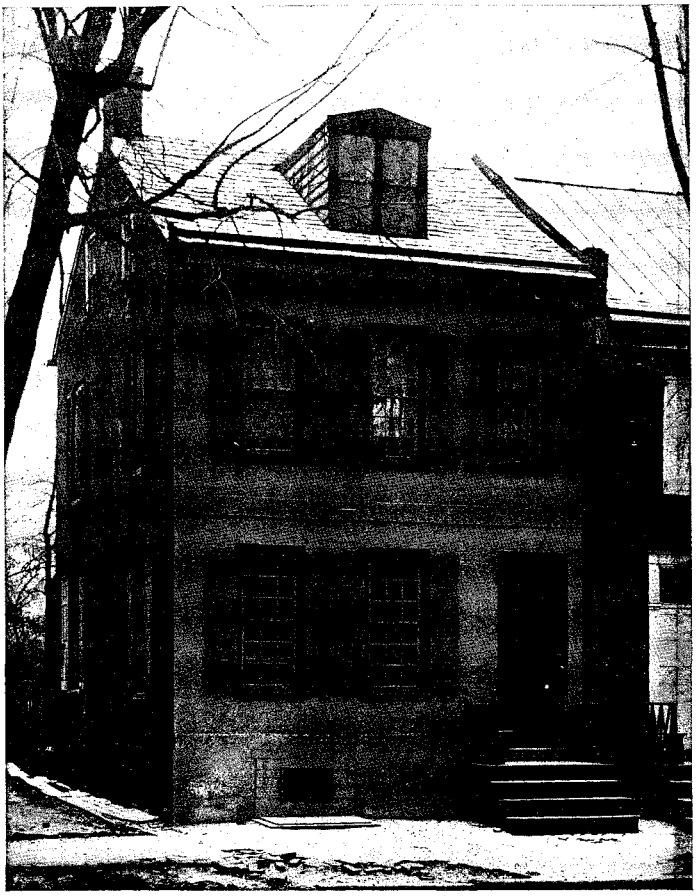

THE HOUSE IN BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, WHERE FENIMORE COOPER WAS BORN SEPTEMBER 15, 1789

analysis his side of the case seems to have been based upon justice; and that the newspapers that he fought in the courts were usually beaten and made to retract and to pay. The story of all this bickering and nagging makes an undignified chapter in the annals of American literature. Perhaps Cooper himself recognised this. Perhaps it was the reason that he expressed the wish that no biography of him should ever be written. That wish was respected. His eldest surviving daughter burned all of his letters that might have been put to the forbidden use. Consequently the portion of the correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper still existing is comparatively small. There remain, however, in the possession of the family certain letters of general interest, and not a few of them throw an intimate light on the character of the writer. It

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COOPERSTOWN AND OTSEGO LAKE OF TO-DAY

is upon these letters that Cooper's great-grandson has based his contribution to the *Yale Review*.

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To recall briefly the facts of Cooper's life. He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1789. In the following year his family moved to the foot of Otsego Lake, in the wilderness of central New York, where the author's father had acquired a patent and was founding a settlement. There Cooper's boyhood was passed, and to the region he eventually returned to spend the last years of his life. He was sent to school in Albany in 1801, and to Yale in the January class of 1802-03. His college career was brief and turbulent. He is said to have been expelled, finally, because of an attempt to blow up a classmate with explosives introduced through the keyhole of the latter's room. He shipped before the mast, and afterward entered the navy as a midshipman, remaining in the service seven years. Then came marriage and life at "Fenimore Farm" on Otsego Lake. *Precaution,* his first novel, published anonymously, was written because he had read an English fashionable novel and thought that he could do as good a book himself. It was followed by *The Spy, The Pioneers, Lionel Lincoln* and *The Last of the Mohicans,* and a new note had been sounded in American literature. In 1826 he changed his name from James Kent Cooper to James Fenimore Cooper, and in the same year he was appointed United States Consul at Lyons, and went to Europe, where he remained for seven years. When he returned home in 1833 he was a national idol. But it was not for long. He proceeded, as some one has said, "to lose hold on the

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COOPERSTOWN AND OTSEGO LAKE IN 1840

American people by rubbing down their shins with brick bats." His literary work was critical of American life and manners. He alienated both political parties. Finally, in 1837 the attacks upon him became unbearable and he entered upon the "battle with the press," which he waged hotly for the next five years.

• • •

Probably the earliest extant writing of Cooper is a letter addressed to his father when the author was eleven years of age. It is printed in his great-grandson's article. There are two points of significance. He signs himself James K. Cooper, and on the bottom of the page is the legend, "18th Century 1800"—evidently his private opinion in the controversy then raging as to whether the year 1800 belonged to the eighteenth or nineteenth century. The next letter printed, written eight years later, upon the death of his father, is to his oldest brother Richard, now the head of the family. Beginning "My dear sir," it emphasises a coolness between the brothers which is being smoothed over. At that time Cooper was in the navy. A letter of 1812 to his wife, and then one written from Florence to a friend in New York in 1829. In the latter there is more than a suggestion of irritability.

I have little to tell you more. Europe is in an embarrassed state. They flatter themselves in England that they are starving with over-production! But John is exceedingly ingenious in bolstering his infirmities and most loyally stupid in seeing the progress of other people.

As to Americans here, I see little and know less of them. I hear strange accounts, however, for they are not a little addicted to backbiting. There is a queer report abroad here just now, but I shall say no more of it, feeling quite confident it must be exaggerated, a Duel and some female levity are implicated.

As for myself, I know nothing of Europe through cafés and valet de place. I make no acquaintances with Countesses in Diligences and do not see grandees at Restaureteurs, and scarcely know the name of an opera dancer. You see I shall return as ignorant as I came out, at least in the opinion of those galloping gentry who think the world is to be best understood in the marketplaces. I can tell you how often I laugh in

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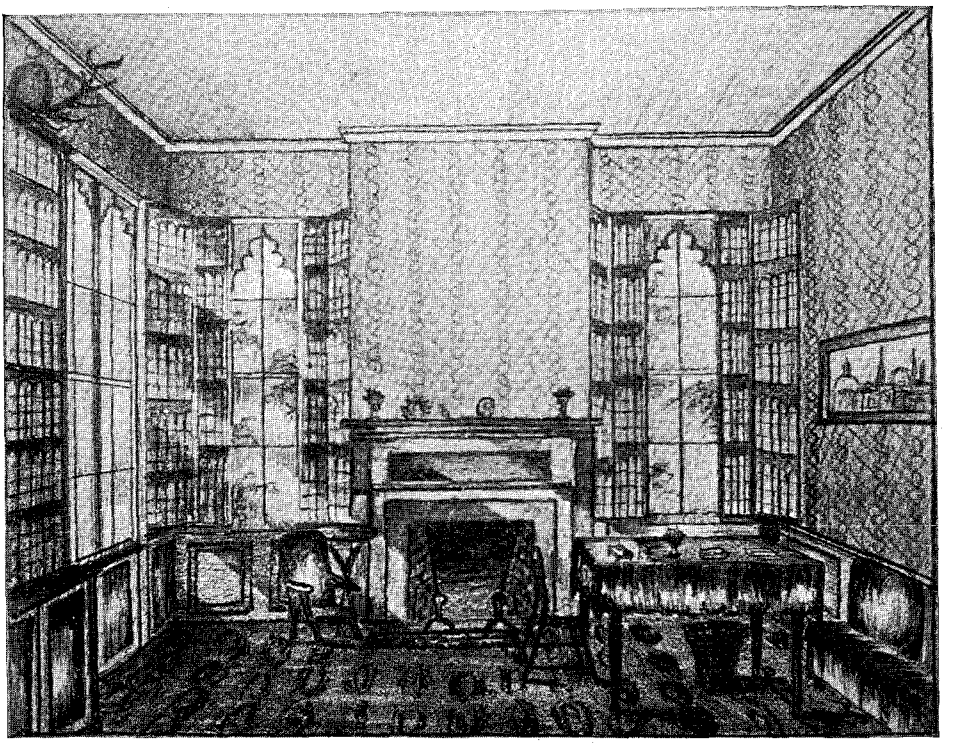

THE LIBRARY IN WHICH COOPER WROTE MOST OF HIS BOOKS. FROM A SKETCH MADE SHORTLY AFTER COOPER'S DEATH

my sleeve when I remember the swaggering conversation of some of our ancient travelled illuminati. I have traced a few of the most conspicuous and depend on it they have not left the trains of comets.

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Discontent is also obvious in a letter written to his wife soon after Cooper's return from Europe. It is written from Canajoharie, which he is seeing after sixteen years' absence. He laments the passing of old landmarks and the modernness of everything. Perhaps, also, he is a little saddened to hear of the death of so many of the friends and associates of his youth. He writes: "The valley of the Mohawk is prettyish, but not much more. Here and there the Yankees have got in and wrought a change, but on the whole it is less changed than I had anticipated. Every hour I stay at home convinces me more and more that society has had a summerset, and that the élite is at the bottom." In another letter he writes: "Socially, distinctions will always exist, and generally they are founded in common sense and ability. In this country, the confusion that exists in society is owing to the rapid increase of the towns, the jumble of immigration, and the disproportion between the *nouveaux riches* and those who are prepared by education and habits to do credit to their positions. If he was not pleased with Cooperstown he was no better pleased with New York. "New York always reminds me of the silk purse and the sow's ear." In a letter to his wife he describes a new type of New York lady that he had encountered.

Mrs. W—C—— and family are in this house, though on the point of leaving. Their daughters, between the ages of sixteen and

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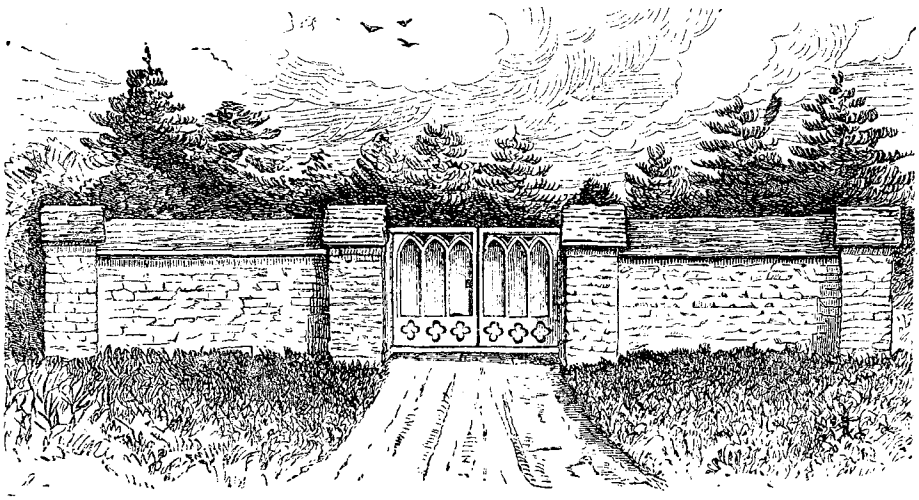

WALL AND GATEWAY TO OTSEGO HALL. BUILT BY COOPER. FROM A PENCIL SKETCH

nine, smoke large, strong cigars, and drink brandy and water. I have not seen this, but hear it from all around me; quite *à la* George Sands. Papa and mamma keep them in countenance. . . .

I have just had a most extraordinary conversation on the subject of our smoking fairies. Most of it cannot be written, but take a specimen of their education. C—— sent up to complain that the young ladies had shut their dog up in a room that did not belong to them. "Tell Mr. C—— to go to Hell," was the reply of the fairy of sixteen! her mother being present. *He* is drunk most of the time. They are in no society. I question if their relatives visit them.

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In a letter to his wife written in 1838 Cooper spoke of Sir Walter Scott in terms of great amiability. "By the way, I have been told Scott, while at Naples, declared a person you love had more genius than any living writer. I repeat this because I know it will give you pleasure, although I make great allowance for Master Scott's blarney." But Cooper had a speedy change of heart. In the same year he had occasion to review Lockhart's *Life of Scott* in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. His review, which aroused a violent and general outcry, could hardly have been more caustic than the following letter:

Well, I have read the Ballantynes' books, and Mr. Lockhart is flat on his back. They not only show that Scott ruined the Ballantynes, but they show that he knew the entire situation of his affairs, James Ballantyne furnishing a monthly statement to him, and they show that Mr. Lockhart is a cool, calculating knave. He lies throughout the volumes. In my opinion, they also show, though it is without effect, and incidentally, that Scott was a cold-hearted, selfish fellow, as well as a Jesuit. Take one specimen of their statements. A newspaper called the *Beacon* was established to assail private character, for political purposes—the affair of which McNally spoke—and Sir Alexander Boswell got killed. Mrs. Scott was deeply implicated in the rascally transaction. Lockhart says Scott would not employ James Ballantyne, as the editor of this paper, as he wanted a *steadier* man for his purpose. Now his son affirms that he has the proof Scott offered the editorship to his father, with a salary of £500 per annum, and that the latter declined *on principle*. In short, we get glorious insights into Scott's real character, by this pamphlet, and even King gives Lockhart up!

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Oscar Wilde

It is the story of a wretched life that Mr. Frank Harris has told in the two volumes recently brought out in New York City under his own imprint. But it is the life of the man who wrote "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," one of the greatest poems in the English language. Let that be remembered when all else is forgotten. It was of himself that Wilde was thinking when he wrote the lines

And all the woe that moved him so
That he gave that bitter cry,
And the wild regrets, and the bloody sweats,
None knew so well as I:
For he who lives more lives than one
More deaths than one must die.

It was his own years of punishment in prison that he described:

The vilest deeds like prison weeds
Bloom well in prison air:
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there:
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair.

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Mr. Harris's work is an unusual work in many ways. It is difficult to say whether its extreme frankness should be praised or deplored. But in commenting upon it we shall confine ourselves to the brighter pages, those dealing with the years before Wilde's downfall, and with the opinions of his contemporaries that he expressed in his later days on the Continent. Harris first met Wilde in 1884 and knew him well till the time of Wilde's death in Paris sixteen years later. Harris's first impression of the playwright was of "a Roman emperor of the decadence." "He wore a great green scarab ring on one finger. He was overdressed rather than well dressed; his clothes fitted him too tightly; he was too stout. He had a trick which I noticed even then, which grew on him later, of pulling his jowl with his right hand as he spoke, and his jowl was already fat and pouchy. His grey eyes were finely expressive; in turn vivacious, laughing, sympathetic; always beautiful. The carven mouth, too, with its heavy, chiselled, purple-tinged lips, had a certain attraction and significance in spite of a black front tooth which shocked one when he laughed."

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It was in 1893-94 that Wilde was at the zenith of his success. "Not Sheridan the day after his marriage," says Mr. Harris, "not Byron when he awoke to find himself famous, ever reached such a pinnacle. His plays were bringing in so much that he could spend money like water; he had won every sort of popularity; the gross applause of the many, and the finer incense of the few who constitute the jury of Fame; his personal popularity, too, was extraordinary; thousands admired him, many liked him; he seemed to have everything that heart could desire and perfect health to boot. Even his home life was without a cloud." Of this time Mr. Harris tells a very touching little story about Wilde and his two boys, Vyvyan and Cyril. In the spring of 1893 *A Woman of No Importance* was produced. The next year he wrote *The Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The former play was the outcome of a story told Wilde by Harris, who in turn had heard it from the American, Cope Whitehouse. The story concerned Disraeli's move in entrusting the Rothschilds with the purchase of the Suez Canal shares. But in spite of all the success the clouds were beginning to gather. Benson's *The Green Carnation,* written in a spirit of pure flippancy, greatly harmed Oscar Wilde's character with the general public.

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An earlier chapter tells of Wilde's controversy with Whistler in which the playwright came off decidedly second best. The controversy began in 1883, after Wilde had been lecturing in the United States, with a charge of plagiarism from Whistler. "Picking from our

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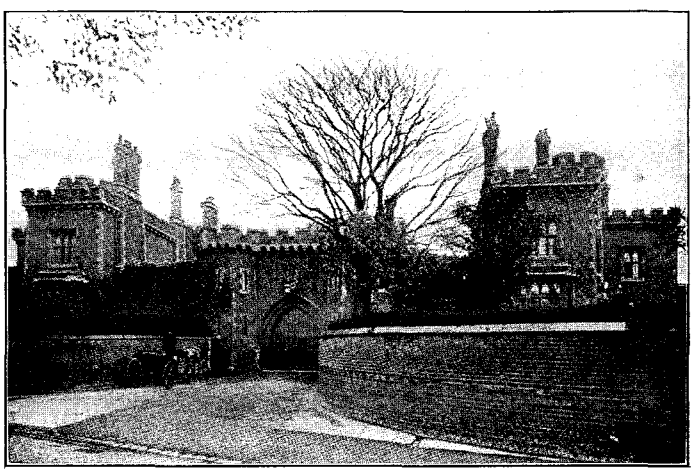
platters the plums he peddles in the provinces," was the way the irascible American expressed it. The dispute was carried on in the newspapers for two years, coming to a head in 1885. Wilde reviewed the master in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Whistler," he said, "is one of the very greatest masters of painting in my opinion. And I may add that in this opinion Mr. Whistler himself entirely concurs." Whistler retorted in the *World* and Oscar replied, but Whistler had the best of the argument. "Oscar—the amiable, irresponsible, esurient Oscar—with no more sense of a picture than of the fit of a coat, has the courage of the opinions . . . of others!" It was about this time that Wilde married. She was the daughter of a Q. C., a Miss Constance Lloyd, a young lady without any particular qualities or beauty, whom he had met in Dublin on a lecture tour. Miss Lloyd had a few hundreds a year of her own, just enough to keep the wolf from the door. The couple went to live in Chelsea.



READING GAOL, WHERE WILDE WAS IMPRISONED

Even in the dark days of Wilde's downfall there were flashes of the old wit. Particularly caustic were some of his judgments of his contemporaries. Of Arthur Symons he said that he was "a sad example of an Egoist who had no Ego." George Moore he summed up as having "conducted his whole education in public. He had written two or three books before he found out that there was such a thing as English grammar. He at once announced the discovery and so earned the admiration of the illiterate. A few years later he discovered that there was something architectural in style, that sentences had to be built up into a paragraph, and paragraphs into chapters and so on. Naturally he cried this revelation, too, from the housetops, and thus won the admiration of the journalists who had been making rubble heaps all their lives without knowing it." Wilde professed to fear that Moore would die before he reached the level from which writers start. Furthermore he held that Moore differed from Symons in that he had an

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Ego, but his Ego had five senses and no soul. Of Bernard Shaw: "A man of real ability but with a bleak mind. Humourous gleams as of wintry sunlight on a bare, harsh landscape. No passion, no feeling, believing in nothing, loving nothing, not even Bernard Shaw." Hardy had just found out that "women have legs underneath their dresses, and that discovery had almost wrecked his life. Passion to him was a childish illness like measles."

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In connection with the later Paris days Mr. Harris relates an anecdote which is not without political significance. It was the time when the Dreyfus case was being first agitated and when Esterhazy had just appeared upon the scene. Esterhazy, Wilde, and Harris lunched together one day. Esterhazy insisted on the guilt of Dreyfus, contending that he himself had been very badly treated. Wilde made a remark to the effect that the innocent always suffer, that it is their *métier,* and that the interesting thing surely is to be guilty and so wear as a halo the seduction of sin. Thereupon Esterhazy broke out: "Why should I not make my confession to you? I will. It is I, Esterhazy, who alone am guilty. I wrote the *bordereau.* I put Dreyfus in prison, and all France cannot liberate him. I am the maker of the plot and the chief part in it is mine." Of course, both Harris and Wilde roared with laughter. At the time no one even suspected Esterhazy in connection with the *bordereau.*

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Ghosts

The *Nation* of London has recently been discussing ghosts, à propos of Miss Jessie Middleton's *White Ghost Book.* It considers the ghost a literary personage of the first importance. Andrew Lang recognised his value, though he thought the ghost in *Hamlet* not quite a success, and put down Alexandre Dumas's ghosts as rank failures because they made themselves too common and too cheap. The supernatural is no longer the trump card it once was with romancers, yet we find an occasional author, such as Mr. Algernon Blackwood or the late Father R. H. Benson, playing it with undoubted success. There is also a school of writers who have made good use of the mental complexities which modern psychology is disclosing. But the Society for Psychical Research has gone far to reduce spiritualism to the level of an exact science, and most self-respecting novelists will have nothing to do with ghosts that are willing to face a camera, if not, as yet, to submit to the processes of chemical analysis. But that may be in the not far distant future. It is the old-fashioned spectre to whom the world of books is most indebted. Let us not forget the apparition of Mrs. Veal, which was responsible for selling a moribund edition of *Drelincourt on Death,* or the ghost of Jacob Marley, who wrought such a change in the mind of Scrooge.

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"This unsophisticated ghost," the writer in the *Nation* continues, "had his golden age toward the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. He was an early product of the Romantic movement, and he made his appearance in England with Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* in 1764. 'So great a gulf,' says a contemporary critic, 'is there between the taste of the late eighteenth century and the early twentieth century, that it is now almost impossible, on its intrinsic merits alone, to take the *Castle of Otranto* seriously, or to do anything but laugh at the portions of the gigantic Alphonso which appear from time to time, to the very natural consternation of the inhabitants of Otranto.' Two other quotations will illustrate the varying moods, not perhaps of taste, but of belief, in this respect. 'A few years ago,' Miss Jessie Middleton asserts, 'it was considered old-fashioned and ridiculous to believe in ghosts; now it is old-fashioned not to believe in them. Every day brings us fresh proof and well-founded

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instances.' And, to take a stage intermediate between Horace Walpole and Miss Middleton, this is Kinglake's tribute to the power of the press as a layer of ghosts:

We in England are scarcely conscious of the great debt we owe to the wise and watchful press which presides over the formation of our opinions, and which brings about this splendid result, namely, that the humblest of us are lifted up to the level of the most sagacious; so that really a simple cornet in the Blues is no more likely to entertain a foolish belief in ghosts than the Lord High Chancellor.

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"As far as the ghosts that people the world of books are concerned, Horace Walpole was certainly the progenitor of a crowd of these apparitions. The lineal descendants of Alphonso fill the pages of Clare Reeve, Mrs. Radcliffe, M. G. Lewis, Maturin, and Scott. They are seen in the lineaments of the Byronic hero, and they are found almost among our own contemporaries in the stories of Bulwer Lytton, Poe, Hawthorne, and R. L. Stevenson. Among these purveyors of the supernatural, one of the most notable, from the ghostly if not from the artistic standpoint, is Mrs. Radcliffe. Her *Mysteries of Udolpho* is a classic of its sort. That is to say, it is a book which everybody speaks about and nobody reads, yet it won the approval of Scott, Fox, and Sheridan, not to mention the Catherine Morland of *Northanger Abbey*. Miss Morland loved Mrs. Radcliffe's tender yet terrific fancy. She told Mr. Tilney that, while she had *Udolpho* to read, nothing could make her miserable, and this is how she speaks of the romance to Isabella in the Pump-room at Bath:

"Oh! I am quite delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life reading it, I assure you; if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world."

"Dear creature, how much I am obliged to you; and when you have finished *Udolpho,* I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you."

"Have you, indeed? How glad I am! What are they all?"

"I will read you their names directly; here they are in my pocket-book. *Castle of Wolfenbach, Clermont, Mysterious Warnings, Necromancer of the Black Forest, Midnight Bell, Orphan of the Rhine,* and *Horrid Mysteries.* Those will last us some time."

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"French ghosts have characteristics of their own, though they have been in-

M. JULES JUSSERAND, THE AMBASSADOR OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC TO THE UNITED STATES. OF M. JUSSERAND AND HIS BOOK, "WITH AMERICANS OF PAST AND PRESENT DAYS," BRANDER MATTHEWS WRITES ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

fluenced a good deal both by England and Germany. Balzac's early attempts at fiction were direct imitations of Maturin, Lewis, and Mrs. Radcliffe. *Le Centenaire* is practically a translation of *Melmoth,* and *Le Vicaire des Ardennes* borrows many of its episodes from *The Monk.* Gérard de Nerval, Charles Nodier, and, to a certain extent, Merimée derive from German sources, while

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Villiers de l'Isle Adam got his ideas from Poe. Maupassant introduced a fresh note into French supernaturalism in fiction, and, after Dostoevsky's novels appeared, this was enriched by a study of morbid psychology, at which French writers proved to be brilliant pupils. Gilbert Augustin Thierry, who Maurice Renard have made excellent use of this motive. I refer readers who wish to make further researches into the subject to M. Hubert Matthey's *Essai sur le Merveilleux dans la Littérature Française depuis 1800.*"

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Andrew Lang wrote his *Letters to*

GEORGE BARR MC CUTCHEON. IN A TILT BY MAIL WITH AN ARIZONA COWBOY, MR. MC CUTCHEON, FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING, "TOOK THE COUNT"

died some months ago, wrote one of the best examples of this type of novel in *Marfa,* a book which has been warmly praised by Anatole France. Within recent years French fiction has shown some signs of harking back to the supernatural, or at any rate to the psychic borderland between it and the purely material. M. Claude Farrère and M.

Dead Authors.

The Author and the Postman

Less rounded in style, often lacking in literary quality and perception, but still rich in human interest are those letters which find their way to living authors, not through the medium of print, but by the hand of the postman. Thackeray once recorded his

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dislike of the postman's knock. It filled him with every kind of apprehension. But that was in his capacity, not of author but of editor, during the brief period that he controlled the destiny of the *Cornhill Magazine*. He has left a record of those fears in his *Roundabout Paper,* "Thorns on the Cushion." But the messages that find the way to authors through the mail are not always unwelcome. Some of them warm the heart by words of discriminating and genuine appreciation. Others, less friendly in tone, indicate an interest that in itself is a compliment. Others again have led to a correspondence in which the author has very often come off second best in the exchange of wit. Here, before us, is a large brown envelope filled with these messages, grave and gay. Into it we shall dip for little stories to be told now and in following months.

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Mr. George Barr McCutcheon recalls, but not with any particular self-complacency, his passage at arms with the Arizona cowboy. The cowboy, who lived forty miles from a post-office or a bookstore, had read the Graustark stories, and had found them to his liking. He learned the author's address from a Chicago man who happened to be travelling in Arizona, and wrote a long letter, in which he said he was eager to read Mr. McCutcheon's *The Sherrods,* which had just been published. For a month he had been travelling by horseback eighty miles twice a week but had been unable to secure the book at the nearest town. He wrote to ask if the

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS, WHOSE FIRST BOOK BROUGHT HER AN UNEXPECTED CHARGE

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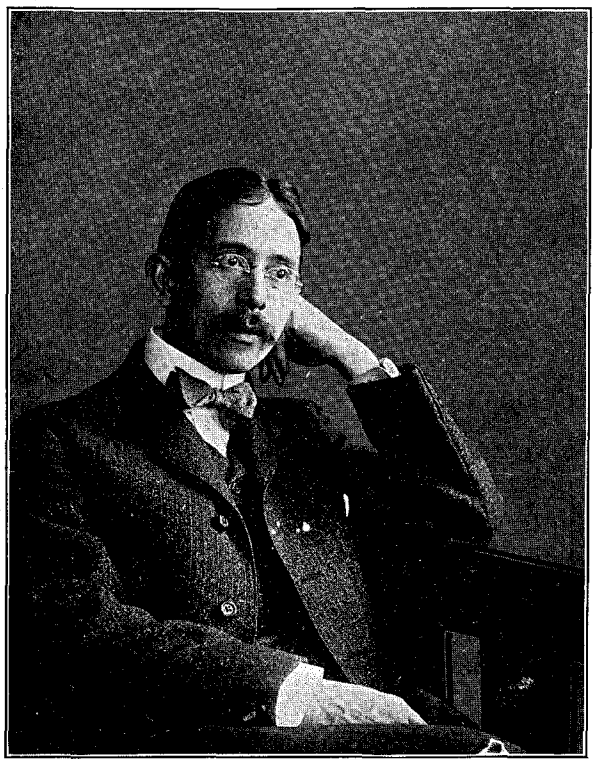

EDWIN LEFEVRE, WHO CONFESSES THAT THE FIRST LETTER ENDORSING HIM AS AN AUTHOR WAS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

author would send him a copy by mail if he would forward the price. Mr. McCutcheon sent him a copy with his compliments and told him not to mind the price. After such a tribute he felt that he could not do less. A month later the cowboy acknowledged receipt of the book. It required but little perception on the novelist's part to discover that he had not liked the story. He wrote: "I don't wonder you are happy to give it away. You don't expect people to buy it, do you? I am much obliged to you for giving it to me for nothing, but even at that I think there is some change coming to me." That letter hurt, and Mr. McCutcheon made the mistake of retaliating politely. He sent the cowboy one dollar and fifty cents in stamps and asked if that squared the account. Back came a letter from the cowboy saying that he could use the stamps to great advantage in warning his friends not to read the book. Mr. McCutcheon wisely chose to consider the incident closed.

• • •

Mr. McCutcheon has received a large number of letters from readers of the Graustark stories who believe, or profess to believe, that the principality has an actual existence. Some of the writers want to be told in great detail of the situation, customs, and language of Graustark. Often these letters are

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FANNIE HURST, WHO HAS HAD RATHER MORE THAN HER SHARE OF CURIOUS LETTERS FROM STRANGERS

extremely pathetic. A woman in Cleveland requested the author to give her directions for reaching the place by rail after landing in Europe. Her daughter was an invalid, and she was quite sure that the climate of Graustark would be of "untold benefit to her." Another woman wrote to say that her husband was dying of consumption, and she felt that if they could take or purchase a house on the mountainside in Edelweiss he could avert the death that seemed so near. "It was like committing premeditated murder," says Mr. McCutcheon, "to write and tell them that the principality existed only in my imagination and by the indulgence of a generous public." A man in the East telegraphed: "To decide a bet, what is the quickest way to get to Graustark?" The only answer to this confident question that could be sent was: "Just imagine you are there. That's the way I did."

A man living in Washington, D. C., informed Mr. McCutcheon that he was organising a Graustark Club in his lodging house, and that he was expecting to escort the entire party to the principality as soon as the weather

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would permit. A San Francisco woman wrote to ask where Graustark was located.

I have a friend here who has travelled extensively. She says she has been in Graustark twice and loves it very much. Your description of the country is excellent, she says. We expect to go abroad this fall, and I am writing to ask how we can reach Graustark. My friend is in the East, and I cannot find the place on the map. She says she has seen the Princess Yetive and has gone through the castle.

A small boy asked, with considerable anxiety and rare consideration, if the word Graustark was copyrighted. He wanted to call his dog Graustark, but thought it best to secure the author's consent, as he did not care to get into trouble with the government. From a far Western editor came this startling message: "A man named McCutcheon was hung here yesterday. He said he

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. AMONG THE MANY LETTERS THE POSTMAN HAS BROUGHT MR. CHAMBERS WAS ONE FROM A MAN WHO WANTED AN AUTOMOBILE BY RETURN MAIL, AND ANOTHER ASKING FOR FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH WHICH TO BUY A FARM

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was the author of *Graustark,* but that did not get him out of the scrape. Will you not write a letter to the *Banner* telling our readers how it feels to be hung by proxy?"

• • •

The first letter that Mr. Edwin Lefevre ever received as an author was one that he wrote himself. It was addressed to the editor of the afternoon paper on which Mr. Lefevre was at the time working. The letter informed the editor how much the writer had enjoyed that "special" on the Banana Industry. It was, the writer said, the best monograph extant on that important subject. Mr. Lefevre felt this to be legitimate because the editor would not allow him space on the article claiming that it had been sent up to the composing room by mistake. The editor summoned the reporter and said, "Here's a highly encomiastic letter about your damned banana story." "Yes?" said Lefevre, with every appearance of triumphant delight, "You see that——" "Who did you get to write the letter for you?" the editor pursued coldly. He knew Lefevre's writing, having blue pencilled so much of it. "Nobody," was the dignified retort. "But *that* would make a good story—the young author who in a disguised hand sends letters to the editor, telling the great pleasure the perusal of the interesting——" "You will continue to enlighten the readers of this paper," was the crushing and final decision of the editor, "as to the latest quotations on butter, eggs, cheese, petroleum, fertilisers, and pig-iron, and everything else that will fit in the commercial page." "That" comments Mr. Lefevre, "is not funny. It is the truth."

• • •

To Mr. Lefevre suggestions for stories have come with pleasing frequency. Here is one which reached him from Toledo, Ohio:

I have read your Wall Street stories with much interest. Keep it up. There is one story you ought to write, about a man in this office that we call Willie the Puke. He is a stinker. He always brags when he wins, but when he loses it's always the broker's fault. He owes us some money, and we can't sue him because everything's in his wife's name. He is a light-weight, and he is full of hot air. He therefore weighs seventeen pounds less than a toothpick. You ought to write him up. Awaiting your reply, I remain

Yours truly,

P. S. You can call him Willie the Puke. Everybody here would know who you mean. Let me know in what number it appears.

Mr. Lefevre made the mistake of thanking the Toledo man, saying he knew the type. He also tried to be funny, hinting that the suggested title would look well in the *Century's* table of contents. The man wrote back that *McClure's* was the place for it, and then began a one-sided correspondence that lasted a year. The man evidently travelled for his firm, for Mr. Lefevre used to get letters on hotel stationery from various cities, all full of fresh and abominable details about Willie the P., and asking "when it was coming out."

• • •

The first of the three following letters was received by Maria Thompson Daviess about six months after the publication of her first book, *Miss Selina Lou and the Soap Box Babies,* which relates the adventures of a spinster in hovering all of the babies in a little settlement on the outskirts of a large city. It took the book about that time to get into one of the travelling libraries in the Tennessee mountain districts, and the result was that one day a long, lanky, blue-eyed mountain boy of about fourteen summers appeared at Miss Daviess's doorstep and handed in this letter, with utter silence and solemnity.

Deer kind Friend of that Seliny Lue, I send Bud to you fer care in the wicked town to make his living. He knows nothing

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watch him but is good. I am pore. His Mother. Hines Gulch on Harpeth past McMinville.

The result, Miss Daviess tells us, is a bright young grocery clerk in one of the largest groceries in Nashville. Here are two other letters which the postman brought to Miss Daviess.

MY DEAR MADAM:

I have just finished your novel, *The Daredevil,* and I would like to request that the next time you write a book that I am in danger of paying one dollar and thirty-five cents for you will let the hero be the hero and restrain the heroine from being both. This is carrying woman's rights too far. I felt obliged to sit up until three o'clock to see that girl safely out of those trowsers and into woman's togs and safe in the arms of a strong man.

I have the honour, my dear Madam, to be

MY DEAR MISS DAVIESS:

I have just finished your delightful novel, *The Daredevil,* and I have decided to make a request of you. I am writing a novel myself about a beautiful girl and a very brave man who rescues her from spies in Mexico of the German Government. It is a wonderful plot with many adventures that no human being ever took, but I cannot get the man and girl to talk. I like your love talk in *The Daredevil* with only a little more "pep," which I could put in. Would you take fifty dollars to write in the talk for me and I will make a printer put in a notice that you did it? Please let me know immediately, for if you don't I think Edna Ferber will.

Very truly and admiringly.

• • •

One of the quaintest of all the curious letters received by Ellis Parker Butler was from an old, retired Canadian sea captain, who wanted to enter into a fifty-fifty deal for the production of literature. The captain's idea was that he was to furnish the ideas and that the author of *Pigs is Pigs* was to do the writing and selling. He explained that he had had a remarkably interesting sea life but was now old, and could earn his living at sea no more, and had taken up life insurance selling to earn his living. What bothered him was that he had so many good stories in his head that he was too interesting. He could get an audience of possible customers, and he could hold their attention, but his tales were so good that when he got to talking neither he nor his "prospect" ever thought of life insurance again. For months he had been doing this. He always became so interested in the stories of his sea life that he went away without mentioning life insurance. So he decided life insurance was no business for him to be in, and as the tales were the cause of his failure he made up his mind to cash in the tales. Would Mr. Butler go in with him?

• • •

One of the best letters Mr. Butler has seen was written to the editor of *Lippincott's.* Mr. Butler had a story in the magazine ("Miss Kimpton's Bones") which related, with some exaggeration, an incident that happened to an acquaintance in a cemetery in Paris. It was quite an unusual experience the acquaintance had. In the same number was another story that was most unusual—a Russian tale—and another tale not at all hackneyed. *Lippincott's* correspondent (a woman) wrote to the magazine and complained that there were three stories in that particular number of the magazine that she had read elsewhere. She suggested that she was being cheated, being given second-hand literature. *Lippincott's* sent the letter to Mr. Butler, who replied that it was possible that, as the story was one he had heard, some other author might have written it up. It was even possible that he might have referred to the cemetery incident in some other tale. However, he wrote the complaining lady that by accusing an author in the way she did she was injuring his reputation and that

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he insisted that she produce the periodical in which his story had had prior publication. If she did not he would refer the matter to the Authors' League, which was an organisation created to protect authors. Her reply was an apology, and her apology was that she was a psychic. Things like that often happened to her. She knew things before they happened, and probably she had had psychic advance information of the three stories!

• • •

The presents that the postman brings that Mr. Meredith Nicholson likes best are from the correspondents who point out errors of statement. In a story printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* Mr. Nicholson once spoke of the sawmills of Saginaw, and was taken to task by some amiable soul who asked in great scorn if he did not know that there had not been a sawmill in Saginaw in twenty years. He did not know it, though in passing through Saginaw about the time he wrote the story he saw what to his eye appeared to be a large flock of sawmills. Local colour is a dangerous thing to tool with, Mr. Nicholson finds. "Some one is bound to turn up and tell you that the town pump you placed on one side of the public square is really on the other. Several times I have inadvertently used names of people I have never seen or heard of. One of these is a woman who was very agreeable about it; the other was a man who threatened to sue me, as his name had been attached to an ex-convict. I wrote a masterly letter of apology which averted the lawsuit." Some of Mr. Nicholson's most amusing letters have come from persons who refrained from signing their names. The most hostile of these was a Rochester lady who used a typewriter and complained bitterly of his lack of moral perception in *Otherwise Phyllis*. "The bitterness of this lies," comments Mr. Nicholson, "in the fact that the more serious critics have long complained of me sorrowfully as a sentimentalist, a person who never meets sin squarely and winds up stories with the general effect of a prayer meeting and the singing of old hymns."

• • •

The postman has been generous in his visits to Mr. Robert W. Chambers's door. One day he brought a letter from a gentleman who needed an automobile and requested Mr. Chambers to supply him by "return mail." Another day there came a modest message from a lady of sorts who desired fourteen thousand dollars to purchase a farm and said she felt confident that Mr. Chambers would send the sum needed by the end of the week. There are very few mails which do not bring letters suggesting themes for stories with demand for payment upon acceptance. Also to the postman Mr. Chambers can look for requests to furnish scientific data, information about real estate and household furniture, and requests to equip industrial plants, libraries, schools, and colleges. Occasionally correspondents ask him to finance and lead expeditions to various quarters of the globe; and rather frequently he is invited to contribute books, articles, and stories to needy magazines and other deserving periodicals, at nominal rates or at no rates at all. Now and then a shy offer of marriage varies the monotony.

• • •

A woman in Wisconsin, upon seeing a photograph of Miss Fannie Hurst with a bit of ribbon in the form of a fillet around her head, wrote asking if she found that a band about the brow facilitated her in writing, and if she got the custom from the Indians. An engineer in Montana, attracted by a girl character in one of Miss Hurst's stories, wrote to ask if the character had been drawn from life, and if so, could Miss Hurst bring about a meeting between him and her. A prisoner in the Idaho States Prison wrote to take exception to the methods of one of her "crook characters." A gentleman from Boston, with a letterhead announcing him to be a "writer of letters and advertisements," expressed himself thus: "Saw a picture

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of you in a circular sent out by the advertising department of the *Metropolitan Magazine,* and I surmise a correspondence with you would be a 'pleasurable experience' (Bostonese). I can interest you (egotism), but I wonder if just this brief note will 'create a desire to answer' (ad. man's lingo)? I hope so!" Here is a suggestion for a story sent to Miss Hurst, which we print because it is so typical of what these suggestions to authors from unknown correspondents usually are. Offered in such sincerity and good faith and yet so utterly hopeless and meaningless.

Do you receive suggestions from the outside? Nevertheless, thought of suggesting to you to write about a stenographer, using for your example a young lady of about twenty-one, tall, brown curly hair, deep brown eyes, sparkling like sunbeams, complexion like a peach, and not "made-up" at that, very neat in appearance, self-possessed, still not "stiff," having a good voice and being an athlete, basket-ball and swimming the principal sports.

The reason I suggest this is due to the fact that it seems to be a universal opinion that stenographers are usually not select girls, and I appeal to you, Miss Hurst, to uphold them and boost them in the eyes of the public. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to have you write a story using the above description as that of the lady in the story.

• • •

Gouverneur Morris's Tribute

In the eight or nine pages of personal anecdote about the late Richard Harding Davis in the June issue there was one point that we forgot to bring out. That had to do with Mr. Davis's positive genius for appreciation of the work of others. For years after he left the staff of the New York *Evening Sun* he read the paper with great care. When he discovered a "story" that impressed him as being particularly good he always wrote a letter to the office to be turned over to the reporter by whom the work had been done. According to a very beautiful tribute to "R. H. D." which Mr. Gouverneur Morris contributes to the current issue of the *Metropolitan,* Mr. Davis carried that gift of appreciation into the associations of his personal life.

Perhaps he stayed to dine. Then perhaps the older daughter was allowed to sit up an extra half-hour so that she could wait on the table (and though I say it, that shouldn't, she could do this beautifully, with dignity and without giggling), and perhaps the dinner was good, or R. H. D. thought it was, and in that event he must abandon his place and storm the kitchen to tell the cook all about it. Perhaps the gardener was taking life easy on the kitchen porch. He, too, came in for praise. R. H. D. had never seen our Japanese iris so beautiful; as for his, they wouldn't grow at all. It wasn't the iris, it was the man behind the iris. And then back he would come to us, with a wonderful story of his adventures in the pantry on his way to the kitchen, and leaving behind him a cook to whom there had been issued a new lease of life, and a gardener who blushed and smiled in the darkness under the Actinidia vines.

• • •

People in general have always had the idea that Richard Harding Davis wrote very easily. He did and he didn't, says Mr. Morris. He wrote sitting down and he wrote standing up. Letters and correspondence were turned out swiftly. That remarkable chapter in *With the Allies* describing the passing of the Germans through Brussels was written almost as fast as he could talk. But when it came to fiction he had no facility at all.

Perhaps I should say that he held in contempt any facility that he may have had. It was owing to his incomparable energy and Joblike patience that he ever gave us any fiction at all. Every phrase in his fiction was, of all the myriad phrases he could think of, the fittest in his relentless judgment to survive. Phrases, paragraphs, pages, whole stories even, were written over and over again. He worked upon a

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principle of elimination. If he wished to describe an automobile turning in at a gate, he made first a long and elaborate description from which there was omitted no detail, which the most observant pair of eyes in Christendom had ever noted with reference to just such a turning. Thereupon he would begin a process of omitting one by one those details which he had been at such pains to recall; and after each omission he would ask himself, "Does the picture remain?" If it did not, he restored the detail which he had just omitted, and experimented with the sacrifice of some other, and so on, and so on, until after Herculean labour there remained for the reader one of those swiftly flashed ice-clear pictures (complete in every detail) with which his tales and romances are so delightfully and continuously adorned.

M. JUSSERAND AND HIS BOOK*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

JUST as the little Italian republics of the Renascence employed their men of letters as envoys and ambassadors to one another, so the great American republic has frequently called upon its authors to represent it abroad. The practice began when Franklin was sent to France a few months after we had declared our independence, and it continues to-day when Thomas Nelson Page is our representative in Italy, Henry van Dyke in Holland and Maurice Francis Egan in Denmark. Irving was sent to Spain, Lowell to Spain and to England, Bancroft, Bayard Taylor and Andrew D. White to Germany, Motley to Austria, and John Hay to England. The European nations, possessing highly trained diplomatic organisations, have more rarely found it advisable to draft their men of letters into service abroad, although England sent to France the author of *Lucile,* Spain sent to the United States the author of *Pepita Ximenez,* and England the author of *The American Commonwealth.* And thirteen years ago France sent to us the author of the *Literary History of the English People;* and no foreign ambassador, not even James Bryce, has ever made himself more welcome than Jules Jusserand, who is now the dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington.

A cynic once defined an ambassador as "a gentleman who is sent abroad to lie for the benefit of his country." This may have been true in the days of secret and selfish and tortuous negotiation; but it is not true to-day. It might almost be said nowadays that an ambassador is a gentleman sent abroad to make speeches for the benefit of his country. He has other duties, no doubt, but few of them are more important than the duty of standing and delivering addresses which serve to show the friendliness of the nation which sent him for the nation to which he is sent. And this special duty no ambassador to the American people has ever discharged with more fidelity and with more felicity than M. Jusserand. It is difficult to classify him as a diplomatist who is also an author, or as an author who is also a diplomatist. What it is not difficult to declare is that he is an admirable speaker, with unfailing taste and tact, with an inflexible loyalty to his own country and with a sympathetic understanding of ours.

In the present volume he has preserved half a dozen of the addresses he has been called upon to make in the past dozen years; and the only fault that can be found with the volume is that we are not always told just when and where and on what occasion these speeches

*With Americans of Past and Present Days. By J. J. Jusserand, Ambassador of France to the United States. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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were made. In the delightful letter of dedication "to the thirteen original States," M. Jusserand tells us how he made his first speech in this country. "Little enough accustomed, up to then, to addressing any assembly at any time, I did not expect to have much to do in that line; but I had. I soon found that it was not a question of taste and personal disposition, but one of courtesy and friendliness." And he modestly explains that "the quick-witted, warm-hearted audiences of America, ever ready to show appreciation for any effort, greatly facilitated matters." But an audience would need to be slow-witted and cold-hearted if it did not listen with constant pleasure to speeches as happy and as charming as those with which the French ambassador has favoured us at all sorts of gatherings, as intimate as an alumni dinner at Columbia University and as public as the dedication of a statue of Joan of Arc.

The longest and the most important of the addresses in this volume is that devoted to "Rochambeau and the French in America," derived very largely from unpublished documents; and it is not too much to say that this casts new light upon the concluding years of the Revolutionary War. More especially does it bring out two facts which will be novel even to many specialists in American history. The first of these is that the French came to the aid of the colonies, not from traditional hostility to the British, their hereditary enemies, but from a fervid enthusiasm for liberty as represented by the Americans. They were emphatically pro-American, but they were not scarcely at all anti-British. After the surrender at Yorktown, Cornwallis and his officers testified to the courtesy and to the kindliness of the French officers. And the second is a corollary of the first: it is that the French lend us their aid in the most disinterested spirit, not seeking any advantage for themselves in the original treaty of alliance and not looking for their own profit in the final treaty of peace—refraining, for example, from any effort to bring about the retrocession of Canada which they had lost only a score of years earlier and which was peopled mainly by men of their own stock.

Second only in importance to the consideration of Rochambeau is the consideration of "Washington and the French." In what we used to know as the "French and Indian War," Washington had fought against the French. In the Revolutionary War, they fought with him and for him and under him. And after our constitution had given us stability Washington, as President of the United States, was a distant witness of the French Revolution. M. Jusserand traces the changes of Washington's opinions of the French; and he makes it plain that the French opinion of Washington never changed. And in another address, on "Abraham Lincoln," M. Jusserand sets forth with equal sympathy and with equal skill the opinion which the French had of Lincoln.

Interesting as are these three addresses, it is quite possible that many readers will find even more interest in a fourth, that on "Maior L'Enfant," the man who laid out the plan of the city of Washington. In these days, when city planning is one of the insistent topics of the time and when our towns, big and little, are awakening to the disadvantage of trusting their development to chance, and are seeking tardily to correct the more obvious evils which are the result of happy-go-lucky growth, it is well for us to be reminded that the capital of the nation was planned and superbly planned, and that this piece of good fortune was due to the sagacity of George Washington in selecting a man of genius for the unprecedented task. M. Jusserand traces the career of L'Enfant in the American army; and he does not seek to cloak the personal peculiarities, the incompatibility of temper, which finally resulted in the removal of the French artist-engineer from the control of the work he had conceived.

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Two of the other speeches contained in this volume must be noted. One is the significant and illuminating address "From Peace to War," delivered in 1910 before the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes. The other is the briefer memorial address on Horace Howard Furness, a fellow Shakespearean scholar, whose work M. Jusserand had been trained by his own investigations to estimate wisely, and whose character his own kindly and searching understanding of human nature fitted him to appreciate.

In conclusion a few words must be added in commendation of the French ambassador's command over the English language. It is as complete as Kossuth's was said to be; it is as complete as Anthony Hamilton's over the French language—than which there can be no higher praise. In all these three hundred and fifty pages there is scarcely a sentence which betrays the writer as a foreigner. The style is always level; the meaning is always clear; the vocabulary is always ample and accurate. Matthew Arnold once recorded that Sainte-Beuve had paid him the high compliment of saying that he had penetrated French literature "by an interior line." So we may say of M. Jusserand that he has penetrated our language by an interior line.

SOUTH SEA MEMORIES OF R. L. S.

BY MARYLAND ALLEN

With the issue of October, 1914, THE BOOKMAN *began the publication of Mr. Hamilton's series "On the Trail of Stevenson." Those papers took the reader to the Scotland of R. L. S.'s youth, to London and rural England, to France, Switzerland, and Italy, and to the United States. The places that Mr. Hamilton described he had visited. Because he had not followed the trail to the South Seas, the scenes of Stevenson's last years were not discussed in the series.*

I SAT me down upon the coral steps and waited. For I had caught Tati Salmon, Chief of the District of Papara on the island of Tahiti, in a reminiscent mood. He lay upon a couch on the long veranda facing the sea, a distinguished Tahitian aristocrat, dark, grey haired, and inclined to stoutness.

"I was up in the vanilla plantation letting down the flowers when one of my house boys came running to say a European man and woman were come asking for me.

"I asked the boy," Tati went on with a dry little smile, "what manner of Europeans these strangers were and how they had come. He replied they were both barefoot, the man was dressed in a *'pareu'* with his shirt on the outside, the woman wore a Mother Hubbard dress and her hair hung down her back. They had come walking.

"I continued my work until breakfast time," said Tati. "I saw no reason for returning sooner. I concluded they were the kind of Europeans that could wait."

And sure enough, when he approached the chiefery he saw these queer, white wanderers seated upon the coral doorstone of the veranda that faced the road and the mountainous interior of the island. They arose. The woman was not at all suited to the costume she wore. The man was thin to emaciation and his hair came down lank upon the open collar of his shirt. He answered Tati's courteous greeting in English and gave him a letter.

It was from Haapii, Chief of Tautira, the District at the end of the island where the *Casco* lay awaiting the leisurely efforts of the blacksmith in Papeete before she could continue upon

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her cruise. The European tramp was Robert Louis Stevenson and the woman his wife. Amusingly enough, Haapii was fearfully apologetic over asking Tati, the head of the great Teva Clan, to which Tautira belongs, to entertain these chance white travellers. The letter begged him to consult his own inclination as to whether he would receive them or not.

Now Tati has, I think, the most beautiful manners. Hospitality such as his is a heaven sent gift. Besides he has always esteemed Haapii. He bade the strangers welcome in the name of their mutual friend and great was his reward.

The Stevensons visited at Papara three times in all. Once they stayed a week, on the other visits only a few days. And at least half of all this time Stevenson spent in bed. It was strange, in that far island, to stand at the door of the room and have Tati show where the bed stood and describe the familiar picture: The thin figure propped high with pillows, the knees drawn up with the writing board against them and the face sparkling with an intelligence the Tahitian found almost unearthly.

He wrote the "Song of Rahero" in that room. That easy-going gentleman Tati was fairly horrified at his mania for accuracy. Even after he returned to Tautira he wrote to correct notes he had made at Papara and written and rewritten with painstaking care. He needed help all of the time and he had no hesitation in calling out for it. Tati, having been sent for innumerable times, found it easier to remain within call upon the veranda. And:

"Oh, Chief, if the wind blew from this certain quarter the sails would look so, wouldn't they?" and he showed a diagram.

"Yes," answered Tati, "but what has that to do with your story?"

"Oh, I want to know it," he would reply, winning the Chief from his critical wonder at such eccentricity with a smile.

Tati thought him the illest man he had ever seen and the most eager. He talked there, as he did everywhere, incessantly. He preferred English. But, upon being introduced to the Frenchman who was tutoring Tati's sons, he spoke French so readily the tutor greeted him as a fellow-countryman and positively refused to entertain the notion he was Scotch.

"It is impossible for a Scotchman to be so sympathetic and to speak French so beautifully," he protested.

Tati was genuinely fond of Stevenson. He did not like his wife. This dislike, I think, was partly attributable to the fact that in Tahiti man is the supreme being, woman a mere chattel. Stevenson, Tati pointed out, was entirely managed by his wife. Tati considered she had a very scanty notion of courtesy. She would break ruthlessly in upon her husband's most fascinating discourse:

"Louis, you have talked enough, you must go to bed." This without so much as a soft glance deprecating the necessity of such procedure.

And Stevenson, though excusing himself as an invalid with exquisite politeness, would immediately do as he was bid. This leniency and kindness on his part, Tati said, had made a tyrant and a bully of his wife. She thought nothing of scolding him roundly for smoking and once took from his hand and emptied out a second glass of wine though he plead movingly with her, not attempting to conceal how completely he was dominated. No, Tati did not like Madame Stevenson.

He did not meet the elder Mrs. Stevenson. R. L. S. and his wife were the only two of the party on the *Casco* who visited at Papara.

Tati spoke with much pleasure of the autographed copies of his books that Stevenson had given him. They were all gone; some eaten by rats, of which the island has a generous share, some carried away by enthusiastic and not over-scrupulous collectors. But Tati, in true Tahitian fashion, set far more

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BEACH AND MAIN STREET OF PAPEETE. SITE OF THE OLD JAIL IN WHICH THE THREE BEACHCOMBERS IN "THE EBB TIDE" TOOK REFUGE

BEACH IN FRONT OF STEVENSON'S HOUSE IN TAUTIRA

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LOOKING BACK ON THE ISLAND OF TAHITI FROM THE DISTRICT OF TAUTIRA AT THE FAR END OF THE ISLAND. STEVENSON LIKED THIS VIEW. HAAPII SAID: "NO WONDER"

store by the spirit that prompted the gift than the books themselves.

It was the same way with the letters. Stevenson corresponded with Tati after he left Tahiti and once he sent five pounds—twenty-five dollars—to buy sugar and ships biscuit for the children of the District and so keep his memory green. Well, some time after the departure of the *Casco* Tati contemplated a trip to England and Stevenson, wishing to do the honours for his Chief—he was adopted into the Clan—designed to be in London at the same time. But his plans failed as he himself explained and he could only offer some letters of introduction.

I took the yellowed notepaper a little gnawed at the top by the indefatigable rats. It was headed Honolulu and had no date.

MY DEAR CHIEF:—

Here is the mischief to pay! I shall not be home this summer. I stay on to go farther afield in the Pacific, and see more, and get more health, and get (I do not doubt) to love this part of the world better than ever; but the deuce of it is I shall not be at home to receive my Chieftain. I send you herewith two introductions: the first of them, that to Mr. Colvin (to whom I write), I beg you as a personal favour to find (or make) the time to present; for he is my most valued friend and a man of the most exceptional distinction. The other I should like

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NUMBER 1. HAAPII, CHIEF OF TAUTIRA, THE DISTRICT WHERE THE STEVENSONS LIVED ON THE ISLAND OF TAHITI

NUMBER 2. TATI SALMON, CHIEF OF THE TEVA CLAN AND THE DISTRICT OF PAPARA, WHERE MR. AND MRS. STEVENSON VISITED

you to give also; I should insist more on the second if I did not wish to lay all weight on Mr. Colvin's.

If I am thus debarred the pleasure of meeting you in Europe I am not in the least, for all that, writing farewell. Whatever I do, and I have two schemes in view, one thing is at least certain: Bar accidents to health and life, I shall find my way back to Tahiti by the *Richmond* some time next January or February or about a year from now, say; and shall go again to see my dear Arii, and (if he will take a gift of me) my Chief into the bargain. It is then we shall be able to talk ballads and compare stories and names and customs; for I shall (or ought to) know something of the islands before then.

I write to prepare Colvin for your appearance and I wish to assure you if you find him at the first sight anyway dry it is a question of manner and you will soon see how very noble and kind a nature lies behind. I have seen many men; never a finer; nor is there any more dear to me. Mr. Lang is a great authority on folk-lore, ballads, etc., and the first of those I had meant to consult about your volume. The first (I mean) after Colvin, for he comes first with me, *cela va sans dire,* in all things. You will do well, I think, to speak of the volume to both. I am a very good man, but

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I am going most probably to Micronesia; and these are on the spot. When I reach Tahiti you will give me news of England; it seems strange! Pray remember me to your family and the Frenchman that is in your gates; and believe me (in spite of my defection),

Your loyal Clansman,
Teriitua
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I add a 3d letter to Mr. Henry James the novelist.

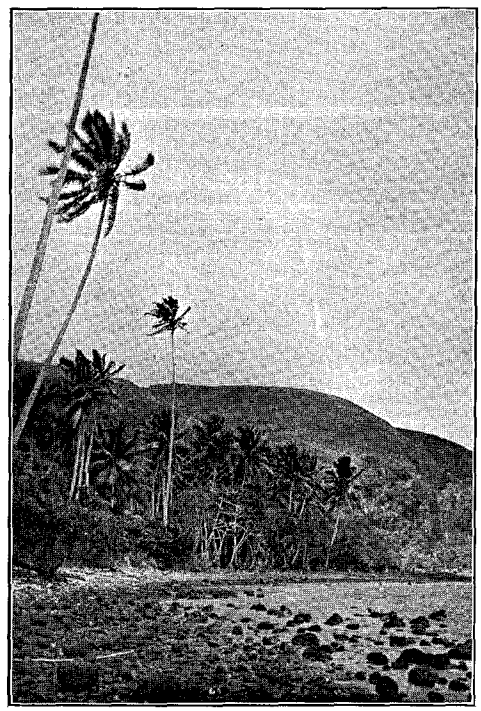
R. L. S.

Tati did not go to Europe and the letters were never presented. The one to Henry James the rats got. I saw the envelope addressed to Henry James, Esq., 34 de Vere Mansions West, Kensington, London. The one to Sidney Colvin met the same fate. I derived a sort of melancholy satisfaction from gazing at those two little square envelopes marked, To introduce Mr. Tati Salmon. The one to Andrew Lang was intact.

HONOLULU, March 23, 1889.

MY DEAR LANG:

Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Tati Salmon, Chief of Papara and of the Teva Clan, and the only living authority on Tahitian poetry. I had hoped to be home myself when he was in Europe and make you acquainted in a more human manner; but pray let this word suffice and be sure that any attention you can pay him or



SCENE OF RAHERO'S ESCAPE IN STEVENSON'S "SONG OF RAHERO"

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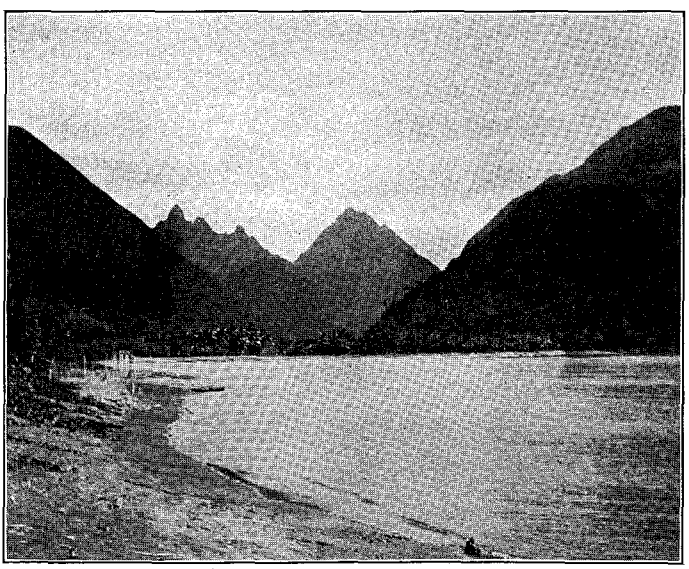
LOOKING BACK ON THE ISLAND FROM TAUTIRA. HAAPII SAID STEVENSON LIKED THIS PLACE, TOO



LOOKING UP COOK'S INLET FROM THE SEA IN THE DISTRICT OF TAUTIRA. THE "CASCO'S" ANCHORAGE DURING THE STEVENSONS' STAY

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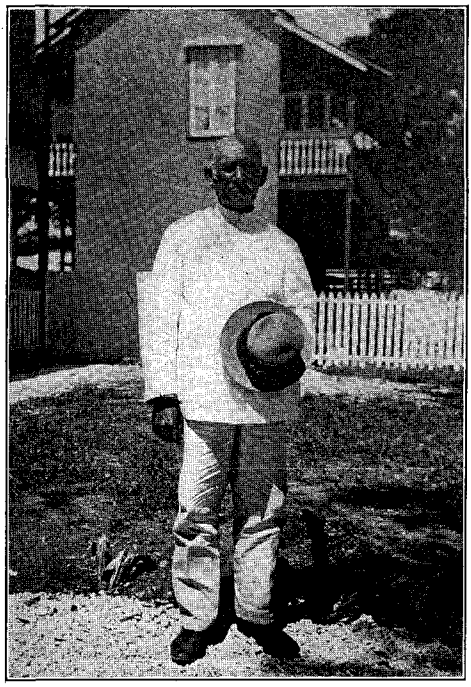

MONSIEUR DONAT, ACTING VICE-RESIDENT OF FAKARAVA WHEN THE "CASCO" WAS IN THE LOW ARCHIPELAGO, AND ONE OF STEVENSON'S GOOD FRIENDS

help you can afford him will be gratefully acknowledged.

Yours ever,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S. Here is a chance for a folk-lorist and a balladist! Get ahead of me and the result of all my painful peregrination and I forgive you beforehand. R. L. S.

There was one more letter.

VAILIMA, Dec. 27, '93.

Dictated

DEAR CHIEF:

I am sending you a letter of introduction for a young fellow who is going up your way after genealogies. It is a good work that he is going on and the young fellow himself, though a little soft-headed and wearisome, is really an excellent fellow and I have nothing to say but good of him.

I am very sorry that this should take me at such a time of year. I am so tired out with Christmas festivities that I have really no time to send you more than my (and my wife's) Christmas greetings. Please assure Ori of our continued affection and his picture hangs on the walls of Vailima. Greetings from my wife to his wife.

Your Clansman,

TERIITUA.

Tati declared, most tactfully, he had forgotten the name of the "soft-headed" young man or if he had ever presented the letter. He put the little packet of letters in my hand.

"Keep them," said he, "as long as you

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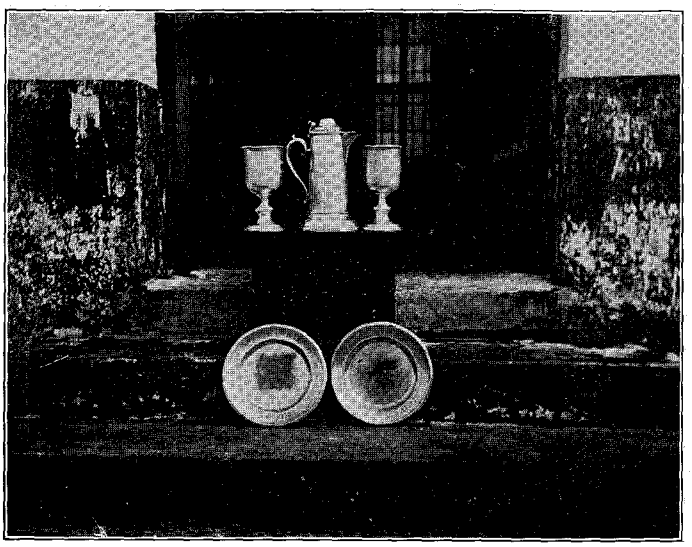

COMMUNION SERVICE PRESENTED TO THE PROTESTANT MISSION AT TAUTIRA BY STEVENSON'S MOTHER

like. To-morrow we will go to Tautira and see Haapii or Ori, as Stevenson called him."

Word went ahead of us. The wireless is a slow method of transmission in comparison to the way news flies in the South Seas. We reached Tautira to find that Stevenson's son was expected and some in the village continued to believe this preposterous report, though Tati soon explained matters to Haapii.

He received us in his own house with the superb hospitality that still holds in Polynesia, though it has been most shamefully abused. He was very tall and thin. He bore himself with a natural impressive dignity and had an equally natural twinkle in his eye. It was a very nice house, too. It stood on the site of the house the Stevensons had lived in while there at Tautira.

The original house, along with Haapii's and most of the village, was washed away in a cyclone. Stevenson, hearing of the disaster, sent Haapii five hundred dollars with which to rebuild his own house. He erected it on the site of the one where R. L. S. had lived, and while he was very proud of his house, he regarded it most affectionately as a memorial to his dead friend Teriitua.

When Haapii heard we had come to his District, which he regarded as strictly the finest place in the world, merely to talk about R. L. S., he looked —it is a fact—somewhat bored.

"The whole world seems to know that man," said he. "I have people from all over the earth come here to Tautira and ask very foolish questions concerning him. There was nothing the matter with him. He was a fine man and my friend."

We carried on our conversation through Tati. Haapii spoke only Tahitian, not beach Tahitian but the very purest of that soft, sweet language. I asked if Stevenson mastered the language during his stay or if he and Haapii conversed through an interpreter. Tati replied that neither was the case and then he laughed heartily. He said that

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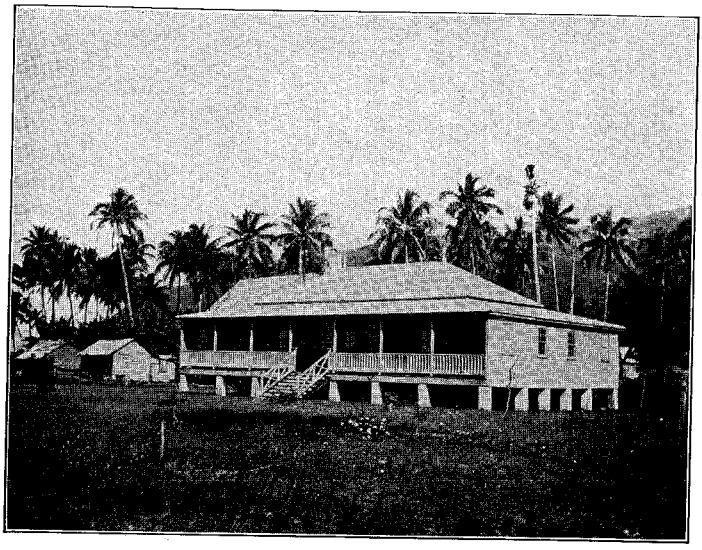
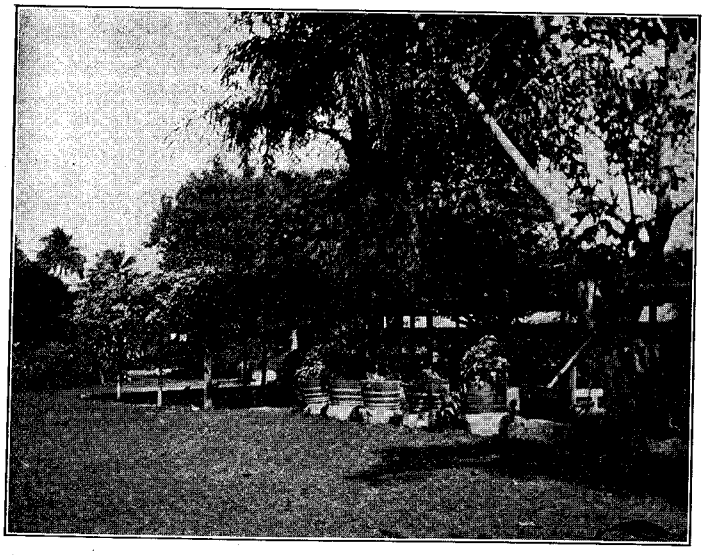


HAAPII'S HOUSE, BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE ONE STEVENSON LIVED IN WHILE IN TAUTIRA. IT WAS DESTROYED WITH MOST OF THE VILLAGE IN A CYCLONE. STEVENSON SENT HAAPII THE MONEY TO BUILD THIS ONE. HE REGARDS IT AS MUCH A MONUMENT TO STEVENSON AS A DWELLING-PLACE



THE CHIEFERY AT PAPARA. TATI FOUND MR. AND MRS. STEVENSON SEATED ON THE STEPS BENEATH THIS VINE

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both Haapii and R. L. S., having a strong fancy to be the sole supporter of the conversation, rattled away each one in his own language and with much earnest and vivacious gesture. He had taken a great pleasure at being present whenever he could and, being able to understand both, he considered it wonderful how much each comprehended from the other's facial expression and gesture. Tati said there was a strong bond of sympathy between them, too, which, in his opinion, made a common language unnecessary.

I asked what Haapii had thought of Mrs. Stevenson. The old gentleman replied with a gesture that cleared a wide space of many things.

"She was a good cook," said he. "Ah!" And he smacked his lips in frank pleasure at the recollection.

"What did she make best?" I asked.

"Puddings," said Haapii. "Sweet puddings with much sugar. Ah!" He smacked his mouth again.

The elder Mrs. Stevenson he remembered for a totally different reason. She was the only member of the party that went to church. Haapii himself was very religious and he sat tapping his stick against his bare, brown foot, shaking his head sadly over the recollection that he had never been able to persuade R. L. S. or his wife to go to church. I said I had heard that Stevenson had got eight thousand pounds for one collection of stories he had written. Haapii brightened immediately and the twinkle deepened in his eye.

"I am sure," said he, "that they were some I told him."

Then we went over to the Protestant Mission, which was very convenient to Haapii's front door, and saw the Communion service given to the church by the elder Mrs. Stevenson.

There was an inscription on the cups: —Teie nei 'ua, o te faufaa apî ïa i to 'u nei toto haamaniihia no outou nei. Luka 22-20.

Which Tati translated: Now the New Testament is my blood, which was shed for you.

And on the plates: E ne reira outou ei mana'oraa ia'u. Korentiaa 1-11-24.

In that manner ye have glorified me.

On each piece: Tautira, 1889, and on the back of the plates: Gifted by Mrs. Thomas Stevenson, Edinburgh.

We sat that night on Haapii's veranda and talked. Haapii, not being able to read English and finding Tautira and his life there sufficient to his own occasions, remembered Stevenson most clearly because he was sympathetic, not given to sightseeing, but content to sit upon the veranda there in Tautira, exchange ideas and smoke. He did not always want to be doing as "was the way with most Europeans." R. L. S. was a fine friend, but the people who came asking questions about him were mostly fools. That was the way Haapii summed it all up and at ten o'clock he arose.

"If that European is a Christian," he said to Tati, "he can stay here while I say my prayers. If he isn't tell him to go to bed."

Most gratefully I made truthful claim to a proper bringing up. So I remained and heard Haapii recite aloud the Lord's Prayer in Tahitian. And when I think that Stevenson heard that every night for weeks even if he did not go to church, I envy him so much the more.

Next morning we said good-bye after promising Haapii a picture of his friend. It seems that the photograph he had of Stevenson was washed away with his house in the cyclone and it was a thing he still mourned. Then we went to Papeete, the town that Stevenson loathed, and found Monsieur Donat.

Donat was French Agent, acting Vice-Resident, at Fakarava, in the Low Archipelago, when the Stevensons were there. R. L. S. speaks of him in his *In the South Seas* in his chapter on the Paumotus: "My friend Mr. Donat—he was a man of great good nature." He was when I saw him, too. He came to the hotel to see us, a tall, brown, gentle-mannered man with white hair, speaking good French and very bad English. His attitude, when I spoke to

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him, was a good deal like Haapii's, only he was not so ruthless. He did not regard R. L. S. as a great man he had had the opportunity of meeting, but as a valued friend whom he remembered with great and enduring affection.

He declared Stevenson one of the most hospitable men he had ever seen and Monsieur Donat was reared in the very lap of hospitality. He was with him a great deal, was more or less connected with the business of getting stores and dined often on the *Casco*. He said the meals were excellent, but they had plainly not made such an impression upon him as the abundance of champagne. And this matter of good dinners and plenty of wine extended beyond the Vice-Resident. Donat said the Paumotuans were delighted with the treatment they received on board the yacht and rather astonished, too.

"Why does he do it?" they asked. "No European coming to Fakarava has ever treated us so before?"

"I told them it was his good heart," said Donat.

"But how can he afford to do such things?" persisted Stevenson's eager guests.

"He is a writer for the rich Europeans," replied Donat and with the "Ah!" that expresses so much in the South Pacific, they went away satisfied.

Donat said Stevenson was chiefly interested in ghost lore and would sit half the night—when Madame would let him—listening to stories of Paumotuan ghosts. He was astonished when I told him he had written nothing upon the subject except what appeared under the chapter on the Low Islands in the volume *In the South Seas*.

This was the first time Donat referred to Mrs. Stevenson. I tried to get him to say more about her, I own, but he was no gossip. He said he remarked that the relations of the party were not entirely harmonious, that there was some family trouble and Stevenson and his stepson often quarrelled about it. But these heated discussions were always carried on as privately as possible and away from the presence of Mrs. Stevenson.

I asked Donat flatly if he liked her. He looked at me politely and told me that when the *Casco* was going to leave, Stevenson gave him a ring, a very valuable one. Monsieur Donat refused it on the grounds of its evident costliness, saying he only wanted some remembrance. Then R. L. S. brought out another ring, worth, Donat thought, from fifty to one hundred dollars, and gave it to Ma'amsell' Donat. They have the ring still and prize it highly for the sake of the man who gave it and not his fame. Donat, with the singular and charming simplicity which characterised him, said Stevenson was very popular at Fakarava and he himself loved him greatly. He was never very active and, when at Fakarava, hardly wrote at all. But I could not get him to mention Mrs. Stevenson again.

I asked if R. L. S. went to church while at Fakarava. Donat laughed. He said they went to church together. It seems that the music was given over to some prisoners the French Government had on the island with the idea, let us suppose, of turning their hearts to better things. At any rate, one of the prisoners had arranged the music for the day. The opening hymn was "God Save the Queen" and very heartily rendered.

"That is a good beginning," Stevenson whispered, "though I would hardly call it appropriate here."

When the service was ended the choir sang, "Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me!" with splendid rhythm and much spirit. Donat said Stevenson's face was well worth seeing.

"A—well, a most remarkable ending," said he.

Then I asked Monsieur Donat if he had any letters from his friend. Upon which he became shy. I assured him I merely wanted to read them and would do so over his shoulder so that the precious manuscripts would not have to go out of his hands. He told me it was not that, he was indignant that I should

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even suspect him of such meanness. But most of the letters written by his European friend had been taken by the same kind of collectors that secured Tati's books. They had asked to see the letters and never returned them. He drew from his pocket-book a small folded paper and put it in my hands.

Threefold, my Donat, threefold dear thy gifts:—
Dear, firstly, being welcome in themselves;
Next, for remembrance of the enchanted isles,
And last and most, my Donat, being thine.

Blank verse, I know, in Gallic ears
A mighty senseless sound appears.
Ah, Donat! I lack space and time
To put my kindness into rhyme.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FAKARAVA, LOW ARCHIPELAGO, Sept., 1888.

To my good friend M. Donat
on the occasion of his many gifts.

There was also a little note in French:

A bord de la Goeletto *Casco,*
10 Septbre, 1888

A Monsieur Donat,

CHER MONSIEUR:

Je ne sais en verité comment vous remercier de vos largesse. On dit que Fakarava est un pauvre pays; eh bien, quand on a vu ces beaux radis on a dansé de joie.

R. L. S.

And that was all that had been left to Donat by those unscrupulous collectors. I gave him *In the South Seas,* which he had never seen, and he thanked me most charmingly.

I left the trail there and went no farther afield or rather asea. But what impressed me most in my talks with these three men of such widely different interests and temperaments was this:—They had each one met R. L. S. as equal, knowing nothing of his halo and caring less. They found him a generous friend, a dear companion and the tenderness in which they hold his memory is more moving than any monument I have ever looked upon.

ONE WAY TO CHOOSE YOUR LIBRARY

BY GILBERT PAYSON COLEMAN

FOR the benefit of many of our readers who, in their perplexity, have sought our advice as to how they should stock their libraries—we here offer a scheme, novel, unique and sure to please any taste, all ages, and both sexes. It is devised not only to instruct and entertain, but also to afford charming hints for beautifying the house.

Everybody of even the slightest literary inclination has been puzzled by the question, "What shall I read? What books shall I collect so that my library will be a credit to myself and a source of pleasure to my friends?" In the attempt to solve this problem many wise men have offered various ingenious but futile suggestions. Former President Eliot of Harvard, for instance, has advanced the claims of his five-foot book shelf. From one point of view this plan has the merit of brevity; indeed, on examining the kind of pabulum which the learned Doctor has provided, one cannot but wish that he had made his shelf several feet shorter. From another angle of observation, however, it must be admitted that a shelf of books five feet long will hardly constitute a library of dimensions sufficient for the purpose of furnishing a room. For a library is not merely a collection of volumes: it is a room furnished or embellished with them. The outsides of books are fully as useful in their way as the insides, and the very notion of a meagre five-foot shelf filled with forbidding tomes is bleak and dispiriting.

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In the encylopædias you will find sundry "courses" of reading laid down by committees or boards of musty bookworms. But a glance is sufficient to discourage the most enthusiastic collector. Not only are the courses severe, but they are inelastic and arbitrary. One naturally challenges the right of any board of savants to prescribe a fixed literary menu which one must consume like a diet ordered for a patient by his physician. There is no browsing on such a beaten path. It is one's privilege to ramble and pluck flowers where one listeth.

Our plan is simplicity itself. It will assure a library of wide scope and afford the keenest pleasure in its collecting. We guarantee that every reader who adopts the scheme will become an enthusiast. To be brief, the idea is contained in one word, *Colour!* Choose your books with reference to one uniform tint. Suppose, for example, that you adopt Red as your basis of operations. All that you will be required to do, then, is to select books whose titles convey directly or indirectly, or by association of ideas, a suggestion of this luxurious and satisfying hue. The possibilities of the plan are endless. You can be absolutely independent and dispense with the advice of professors, bookworms, dealers, friends. As the scheme unfolds before your admiring comprehension you will enter into the game with increasing interest. We give here a few examples by way of illustration. The titles are chosen at random, one book readily suggesting another. The list is purposely made brief in order that the collector may have almost the whole vast field to glean from.

The Reds of the Midi, that fascinating story of the Provençe and of the beginnings of the French Revolution by Felix Gras will at once suggest itself. It is invaluable to any self-respecting Red Library. Then we have James Fenimore Cooper's *Red Rover,* to say nothing of the same author's *Redskins,* both pleasing contrasts to the Gras selection. *The Red Badge of Courage,* which made the name of Stephen Crane famous, will absorb all who have a drop of rich red blood in their veins. It is an American classic and deserves a high place on the list. And who would do without the other American masterpiece in the form of a cameo, Bret Harte's *An Idyll of Red Gulch?* By many connoisseurs of the author's stories of California life this is considered the gem of them all. No Red Library can afford to be without it. Lovers of Conan Doyle will be pleased to include that entertaining collection of tales with the generic title *Under the Red Lamp.* These are among Sir Arthur's earliest works and are told in his customary crisp, direct style. Readers of the Sherlock Holmes stories who have overlooked this series should by all means give it space in the grand colour scheme. And next we have John Reed Scott, who, though he labours under the stigma of having produced two best sellers, is deserving of honour for his apt *The Colonel of the Red Hussars* and *Red Emerald.* Edgar Allan Poe, deemed unworthy by the solons who selected the Immortals for the Hall of Fame at New York University, shall here come into his own, for *The Masque of the Red Death* is one of his most striking and characteristic studies.

For the children a little niche may be reserved for *Robin Redbreast, Little Red Riding Hood,* and *Red Crosses,* by Clara F. Guernsey. Historical romance may be represented by *The Red City,* a story of Washington's second administration, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. For a lazy summer afternoon there can be recommended *A Red Wallflower,* by Mrs. Susan Warner; *Red Lane,* by Holman Day, and *Red Pepper,* stories by Mrs. G. S. Richmond, not to mention F. R. Burton's *Redcloud of the Lakes,* Marian Pool's *Red Bridge Neighbourhood,* and Roman Doubleday's *Red House on Rowan Street. Red House Hill,* by Mrs. Fenollosa (Sidney McCall), will be found more serious reading, having for its theme child labour in the mills. An excellent

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animal story is *Red Fox,* by Charles G. D. Roberts. *Red Hunters and the Animal People,* another tale of wild outdoors, is told by C. A. Eastman, a college graduate and genuine red Indian himself.

It would require but little ingenuity to run through a catalogue of titles and select mechanically those containing the word "red." The essential point is to make a catholic choice, covering a wide field and many different authors. Moreover, there should be a variety of shades and certain subtle associations with the primary colour. For instance, no Red Library would be complete without a copy of the great Puritan classic, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* and Baroness Orczy's *A Scarlet Pimpernel.* And the followers of Richard Harding Davis will be sure to make room for his *The Scarlet Car,* which possesses the merit of being printed in very large type —a boon to bad eyes. Again, Conan Doyle's *A Study in Scarlet* will here slip in without question. F. Marion Crawford is far too prominent an American novelist to be left out in the cold, and he can pass in on the strength of *The Diva's Ruby.* Booth Tarkington knocks successfully for admittance with his *Cherry,* while Grace Richmond's *Strawberry Acres* will add a new tint to the general colour plan. Here also may be included *The Cardinal's Rose,* by Van Tassel Sutphen. Emile Gaboriau, prolific writer of French detective stories, will while away some pleasant evening hours with his diverting *The Lerouge Case,* and for even lighter reading there is Mrs. Dudeney's *Robin Brilliant.* The juvenile department will welcome *Robin Hood;* Ralph Henry Barbour's *The Crimson Sweater,* Kirk Munroe's *Coral Ship,* and *A Daughter of the Sioux,* the last being a type of General Charles King's stories of adventure among the Indians in the Wild West. For more serious reading there are *Corals and Coral Island,* by J. D. Dana, an authority, and Dr. Harvey's world famous discovery, *The Circulation of the Blood.*

Not so obvious, perhaps, but quite permissible as affording a great latitude of choice and a highly instructive and interesting exercise of ingenuity calculated to keep your friends guessing when they visit your Red Library are such subjects as *John Barleycorn,* which Jack London claims to be strictly autobiographical, and *Mars and Its Canals,* by the astronomer Percival Lowell. The latter book suggests Du Maurier's *The Martian.* These volumes, it will be observed, come under the general colour scheme by right of what may be termed the association of ideas, subconscious suggestion, or colour cerebration. The choosing of such ramifving titles will be found one of the most engaging features of the Colour Library scheme. The connoisseur can extend the idea indefinitely and would be quite warranted in including in this field of selection such books as *Robinson Crusoe* and Defoe's less known work, *The History of the Devil,* as well as Bret Harte's *Found at Blazing Star,* George Ebers's *In the Fire of the Forge,* and W. A. Thisted's religious study, *Letters from Hell.*

It is difficult to resist continuing the list indefinitely, but, as has been intimated, to do so would spoil sport. One of the greatest charms of the Colour Library plan is that it affords an exquisite zest to the collector. The question "How shall I stock my library?" no longer possesses any terrors. What was once a dreaded bugbear proves to be a chimera. Selecting books is a pleasure, not a pain. The above list is merely a hint. Those who care not for red as a colour basis may select any other hue more agreeable to their tastes. Green, yellow, blue, white, grey—all these could be made equally attractive, and there are endless volumes that would fulfil all the requirements in each of these shades.

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ADORATION

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

I WOULD you were a queen,
And I, a beggar boy
Adoring thee,
That to such height of majesty,
Like to a star,
I could not soar,
But, gazing at thee from afar,
In lowliness adore!

I would I were a king,
And thou, a shepherd girl
Adoring me,
That I might make of thee a queen
To call my own—
Could I but now!—
And place a gold and myrtle crown
Upon thy virgin brow!

MEMORIES OF WILL CARLETON

BY A. ELWOOD CORNING

I

ONE day in the early part of 1871, a tall, somewhat awkward, slenderly built man made his way to a seat in a country court room in Michigan to report a divorce suit, then attracting considerable local attention. His manner, eyes, and wavy brown hair indicated his youth, though at first glance he appeared older, by reason of a stringy moustache, and chin whiskers, a style common among farmer boys of that period. The young reporter soon was intently following the case: one thing in particular impressed him. That was the attitude of the husband toward the wife he was about to divorce. He declared that she should have half of the property because she had helped him to earn it. Will Carleton went to his room, and began to draft a poem that was written at one sitting. He called it "Betsey and I Are Out," and sent it to the Toledo *Blade,* possibly because of the reputation of the editor, D. R. Locke, who was then attracting attention under the pseudonym of Petroleum V. Nasby.

The contribution, however, chanced to fall into the hands of Mr. Locke's assistant, who, cursorily running over it, threw it into the waste basket. Having occasion to re-examine a paper he had only a few moments before discarded, the editor began overhauling the contents of the basket. Finding the legibly written Carleton ballad he paused to read a verse. "What's this?" he inquired. "Oh, some fellow who thinks he can write poetry, but can't even spell." Locke walked off with the poem: on March 17, 1871, it appeared on the top of the first column of the fourth page of the Toledo *Daily Blade.*

Such is the story, unverifiable in its exact details, but in the main correct, of how Will Carleton began. The re-

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ception of the ballad was phenomenal. Copied into nearly every newspaper in America, it soon caught the eye of S. S. Conant, editor of *Harper's Weekly,* who republished it, illustrated, in that periodical, and asked the young country bard if he could write for *Harper's* ballads in the same idiomatic strain. "Out of the Old House Nancy," "Over the Hill to the Poor House," and "Gone With a Handsomer Man," appeared in rapid succession.

But it must not be supposed that this sudden rise to renown was purely accidental. Carleton had already enjoyed more than a local reputation; his poetic productions having been accepted by Detroit, Chicago and other Western papers, and widely copied. His life, too, up to that time had been one of varied activity. By force of circumstance he was compelled from early boyhood to shoulder responsibility. His parents were poor, and his future success depended on his own efforts. If his early years were to be reviewed in brief we should point to the struggles of his boyhood on his father's farm; his interrupted sessions at the district school; and later the five-mile walk every day so that Latin and Greek could be included in his course of study; the keen disappointment and utter chagrin at being rejected three times, because of delicate health, when trying to enlist in the army; his labours to maintain himself at college, by contributing to the local papers, writing carriers' addresses for neighbouring journals, teaching in district schools, composing music for country brass bands, and in reading his early poems to small audiences in the neighbouring hamlets. Then followed editorial duties on Chicago, Detroit and Hillsdale papers.

The year that "Betsey And I Are Out" appeared he was conducting under another name in Hillsdale, Michigan,—he did not move to Brooklyn to live until 1882,—a book and news store, and turning out poems for all kinds of occasions. Finding no publisher willing to incur the risk of issuing a collection of them in book form, he gathered twenty-nine of his earlier effusions, and in 1871 published them in a neat little volume at his own expense. Over two thousand copies were sold. Later more than half of the poems in this first little book were reprinted in *Farm Ballads* and *Farm Legends.* He was always very tender toward this first child of his literary life, and in examining his relics recently the writer came across one of the last copies he had preserved, on the fly-leaf of which was written:

Poor little faded tome!
  But you bring once more to view
The halls of a boyhood home,
  The dash of the morning dew.
And a summer grey,
With hope's sharp ray,
  Struggling and gleaming through.

II

Of Carleton's twelve volumes of poetry, perhaps the history of *Farm Ballads,* his best known collection, is of especial interest as showing its great popularity. Indeed no volume of poems, unaided by the prestige of a distinguished name, ever had a more immediate success. On September 27, 1872, the author sent to Harper and Brothers the manuscript of *Farm Ballads.* It appears that Mr. Fletcher Harper had suggested the collection in book form of the poems which for the most part had been running in *Harper's Weekly.* Carleton mentions in the letter in which he sends the manuscript that he had then pledges from dealers in his own and adjacent counties for the sale of thirteen hundred copies. He personally was willing to raise it to fifteen hundred. The book was published in March, 1873, on a ten per cent. royalty basis. In less than a month he had exhausted his supply, and was writing for five hundred more copies. In one instance a single representative under Carleton in five weeks, without a sample copy to display, sold four hundred books. In a letter in August of the same year the author writes that ten thousand copies of *Farm*

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Ballads had been disposed of "with demand unabated." By October the book had reached a sale of over twenty-five thousand; in eighteen months, of over forty thousand; and in letter after letter Carleton remonstrated with his publishers for not sending him more copies, as the demand was greater than the supply.

Thus whatever his defects may have been when judged by the accepted standards of poetic art, Carleton became early in life a poet of renown. While some of his later work was similar in scope to the earlier ballads, he never quite regained the old afflatus, though it may be said that in the minor matters of technique, a finer workmanship is discernible. He was unquestionably at his best in portraying phases of western rural life and character. Having known little of life, save as it was dramatised in the lives of the plain people of the West, among whom he was born and reared, it was natural that he should at first choose country scenes with which he was the most familiar, for the nurture of his genius. In thus evoking the sentiments and playing upon the emotions, the human element became his chief weapon of appeal; and in consequence his popularity grew apace. Who that has read:

Over the Hill to the Poor-House, I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle grey—

can ever forget the pathetic picture of the forlorn old mother, passing in review her own life story? Who, moreover, has forgotten those initial lines of another poem, equally as well known?

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
Things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.

III

In these homely ballads, for the first of which the poet received thirty dollars, Carleton introduced a new element in poetic fiction. "I do not believe," he once wrote, "in the unhealthy, hothouse species of rhyme which depends upon morbid fancies and an unnatural state of the author's digestive organs." "True poetry," he averred on another occasion, "is that which voices the sentiment of its time; which stirs the blood of living generations; which draws its descriptions from nature as it is, and not from old accounts of it as it was; which rejoices with them in their pleasure, and weeps with them in their woe." It would seem that he had this theory in mind when he wrote the national dirge, "Cover Them Over," in memory of the fallen heroes of our Civil War:

Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours;
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away:
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave;
All the bright laurels that promised to bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honours their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

This deep note of sympathy inspired people of all classes to write the poet thanking him for the good his lines had done them; among his files of correspondence there are scores of such letters: "You are too kind," he writes in response to one such communication, "in the mention of my poor rhymes. But

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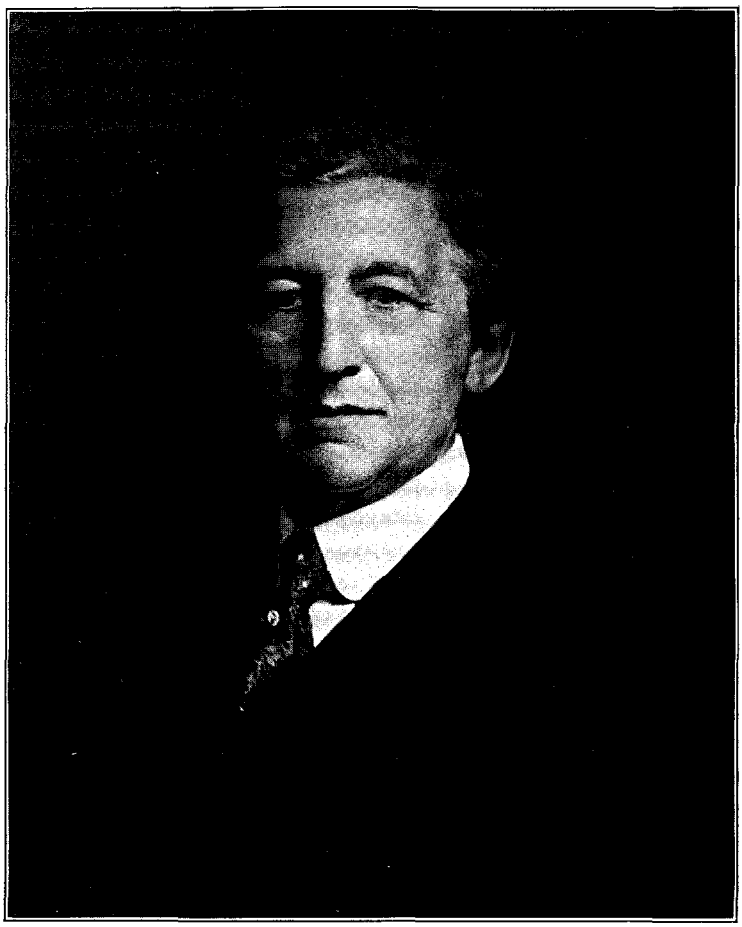

ONE OF THE LAST PORTRAITS OF WILL CARLETON, TAKEN ABOUT THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF "DRIFTED IN," 1908

allow me to say, my dear friend, that while I am proud that you like them, I am more than proud—happy, to know that they have brought you a single pleasure or soothed a single pain. Not your praise, but your sympathy and appreciation incites me to further efforts. In acknowledging a report of the Prison Inspectors for the year 1872, when he was just blooming into fame, he writes: "I wish to thank you for the kind reference which your special report contains to myself. It is, as I have often said to you, a comfort to me and an incentive to future efforts, to know that my writings can for a moment cheer the hearts or interest the minds of the unfortunate."

Naturally, the popularity of Carleton's lines brought the poet a ready market; in submitting a poem for publication he invariably placed upon it a market value; so rigidly did he adhere to his fixed price that he seldom could be induced to change it. He even went so far on one occasion as to donate a contribution rather than accept a figure lower than he had named. Having been offered thirty dollars for "The Dead Stowaway"—a poem later republished

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WILL CARLETON. THIS WAS TAKEN SOON AFTER HE WENT TO BROOKLYN TO LIVE IN 1882 AND ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE. THE MOST WIDELY CIRCULATED OF CARLETON'S PORTRAITS

in *City Ballads*—after he had rated its value at fifty dollars, he promptly returned the cheque, "not in sorrow or in anger, but because I don't feel that I can turn my soul wrong side out and pound it for a month for less than an even half hundred." He concludes by offering the poem as a gratuitous contribution.

This commercial attitude prompted critics to speak sometimes of Carleton as "a money-making poet"; when asked if he would not rather have his books salable than artistic, he remarked, characteristically, "I want my books to sell, for two reasons. First, so that what good there may be in them may do the greatest possible good; secondly, so that I may retain enough financial independence to enable me to write as I think and feel. The time was when a poet was kept so poor that he could not live, except with the kind permission of some Earl or Duke; the time has now come when the people are the lords, and they appreciate a writer who says what he thinks and expects them to pay him for his work, just as they would anybody. This is the only sense in which I can be called a money-making poet."

IV

But the revenue from his poetry, large as it was, was not the only means by which Will Carleton lived. Toward the closing years of his life he received

THE HOUSE, NEAR HUDSON, MICHIGAN, WHERE CARLETON WAS BORN, OCTOBER 21, 1845

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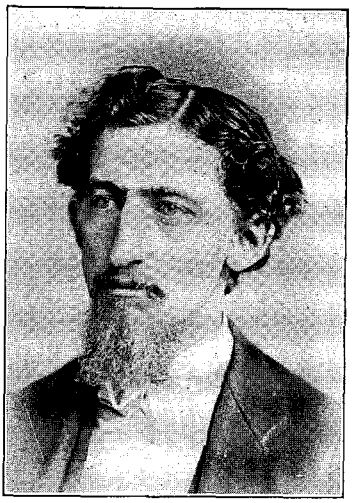
a large income from short stories and scenarios for motion picture plays; also revenue from his magazine, *Every Where*. His main source of income, however, was derived from his lectures. Season after season, for over forty years, up and down the land he went, into Canada and through Europe, giving "The Chain of Success," "Written and Unwritten Poetry," "The Drama of Life," "Every Man a Poet," to mention only a few of his subjects. Here was a lecture and recital combined: the lecture was didactic, but never prosy; the recital, an interpretation of the author's own ballads. His actual lecture-reading began in his junior year at college. It was vacation time and money was required to enable him to complete his collegiate course. He had written a poem on a popular local political issue, and decided to try its effect upon an audience. He announced his own appearance in a distant town by huge posters which he printed with a paint brush on the back of regular size cuts of a cheap grade of wall paper, especially purchased for the occasion. His handful of hearers are said to have remained near the door so as to slip out quietly if the reading proved to be uninteresting. Instead, they not only remained, but suggested at the close of the recital that the young entertainer repeat his reading the following evening in a church to a much more representative audience, which he did, earning in this way in the various near-by communities enough money to meet his senior year college expenses.

From that time public readings became a part of his life work; by 1871, when only twenty-six years of age, he was reading on an average of five nights a week, receiving from seventy-five to



WILL CARLETON AT THE TIME OF THE PUBLICATION OF "FARM BALLADS," 1873

one hundred dollars an entertainment. In an early letter he writes of farmers driving ten and twelve miles to hear him, and of the streets being lined with teams from the country. Some of his more popular selections were "Over the Hill to the Poor House," "The First Settler's Story," "Gone with a Handsomer Man," "Picnic Sam," and "Uncle Sammy." He often reserved for a time a ballad exclusively for public rendition, as, for instance, "The New Church Organ." It proved, he tells us, to be a "trump card." "My judgment may not be good," he writes in an early letter, "but I believe it will have a better run than any of my ballads since 'Betsey and I Are Out.' It is a pet of mine, and I have held it a long time, so as to keep it fresh for recitations." It later appeared in *Our Fireside Friend,* and was republished in *Farm Ballads.*

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IN MEMORIAM

BY W. J. LAMPTON

A memorial meeting was held in Central Park, New York, late in June, the invitations to which read: "You are invited to attend the Tribute of American Poets to the Poet Patriots of Ireland, Edwin Markham, presiding, to be held in Central Park, New York City (the Meadow, 69th Street Knoll), on Wednesday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, June 28, 1916." Probably two hundred responses in person were had to the invitations and park benches were arranged for the comfortable accommodation of all who attended. The tribute was poetical rather than political and most of the poets lauded poetry as a more powerful factor than politics for the betterment of mankind.

HERE in the open, underneath the trees
Where Pan should pipe his minstrelsies,
Are gathered children of the Muse who mourn
Their brothers gone into the silent bourne.
What patriots they now gone, or slave, or free,
Or this or that of racial pedigree
Counts very little; they, who mourn, decry
The breaking of the strong poetic tie
Which binds all poets everywhere on earth
And makes one kindred of Parnassian birth.
Brothers and sisters they, and tears are shed
Above the graves of those poetic dead,
With condemnation for the red decree
That stained with crimson all of poesy.
Here, far from where those brother poets died,
Their brothers and their sisters speak with pride
And praise of them, and here they bring
Their laurel and their rue, remembering.

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A NEW CHAPTER IN AMERICAN HISTORY

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

A CENTURY and a half after the American Revolution an immense amount of valuable historic evidence has unexpectedly come to light. A tract of land on the upper end of Manhattan Island on the line of Broadway has been found to be one of the richest fields in America for archæological research. During the seven years of the Revolution there was encamped here practically the entire fighting forces of the British and Hessian armies.

This remarkable *cache* was found by accident. Several years ago a heavy rainfall cut deep into the earth in this region, exposing several ancient bricks evidently piled together for some definite purpose. Nothing could lie long unobserved on Manhattan Island and the news of the singular discovery soon spread. In cutting through new streets and digging the foundations for buildings a variety of Revolutionary relics have from time to time been unearthed. Profiting by these discoveries a systematic search was commenced by two local historians, Mr. R. P. Bolton and Mr. W. L. Carver, who brought to the task a wide knowledge of the subject and a remarkable persistence. For more than a decade these men have devoted their Sundays continuously throughout the year, weather permitting, to digging up these historic treasures.

Supplementing the active work with shovel and sieve, the historians have made many remarkable discoveries in the literature of the period. Mr. Bolton has carried on a personal study in the library of the War Office in London, in a room overlooking Whitehall, reading in the original manuscripts the

THE FIREPLACE OF A HUT

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BRITISH REGIMENTAL BUTTONS WERE FOUND HERE

reports told in the first person of the campaign to subdue the colonies. Several of the English and Hessian regiments engaged in the war, again, have published detailed histories which have naturally a very limited circulation. These have been sought and an immense volume of material discovered that has not before been available. It was found, for instance, that a Hessian officer named Krafft had written very fully of life in camp and even illustrated his reports with a detailed map of the region. His drawing proved to be the key to many new discoveries. Anyone familiar with the region will recognise the ancient map. Despite many changes, the coming of the elevated railroad and the miles of towering apartment houses, the contour of the country is still unchanged. On this map the position of the Hessian and English camps was accurately indicated, and the historians set to work to verify them. After diligent search they discovered three huts and once having found the spacing the work proceeded rapidly, until at present writing more than a hundred such huts have been unearthed. Each hut contains a fireplace of stone or brick with the space for the beds, and most of them are rich in relics which help to reconstruct the daily life of the soldiers.

In nearly a century and a half the floors of these huts have been buried to a depth of three feet or more. As the earth is dug away it is carefully sifted and the relics identified and carefully classified. The commonest find are the buttons. Thousands of buttons have been found, and since each one is marked with the regimental number they tell a story. From the immense quantities of buttons it is supposed that the huts were covered for protection against the weather by the simple expedient of throwing old uniforms over the roof. The last vestige of cloth has long since disappeared. Buttons of every regiment quartered here during the Revolution have been found save one.

From the débris at the bottom of the sieve one day a beautiful silver belt buckle was picked up bearing the initials "G. R." and "28th Regiment" and on the back the initials "J. E." From the

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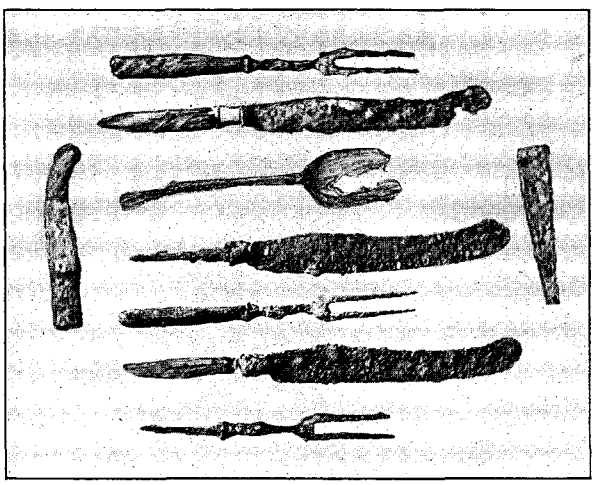

FOUND IN THE OLD BRITISH CAMP

military records it was found that First Lieutenant James Edwards was an officer of the 28th Regiment, that he was injured in the battle of the Brandywine and was dropped from the regiment in 1779. In several huts the searchers were puzzled to find tiny pewter cups and saucers of a toy-like size. They seemed to have no positive utility in a soldiers' camp, but on looking up the history of the regiment quartered in these huts and identified by the buttons, it was found that a number of the wives and children of the men had shared the hardships of a New York winter.

The daily life of the camp may be reconstructed in remarkable detail from the relics unearthed in this region. The immense store of black bottles now broken to bits give ample evidence of the liberality of the allotment of rum which was then part of the soldiers' rations. The ice cleets again show that the men must have trampled far over the rivers in the long winters. Many fragments of china and glassware are found which suggest an unexpected delicacy of taste and carelessness of the rights of others, since it was doubtless looted from nearby mansions. The immense deposits of oyster shells again show the invaders to have had a cultivated taste. They also distinguish the British huts, since the Hessian huts were paved with the shells of mussels.

The extent of these British and Hessian camps which overspread the entire valley serves to impress one with the extent of the forces which were assembled here. It was no handful of soldiers which was pitted against the Colonial troops, but the flower of the British army. The innumerable buttons so patiently gathered and classified shows that the crack regiments of the British army once camped upon upper Manhattan Island. Many of these regiments had long and famous histories before the American Revolution and even to-day are engaged in the great European struggle.

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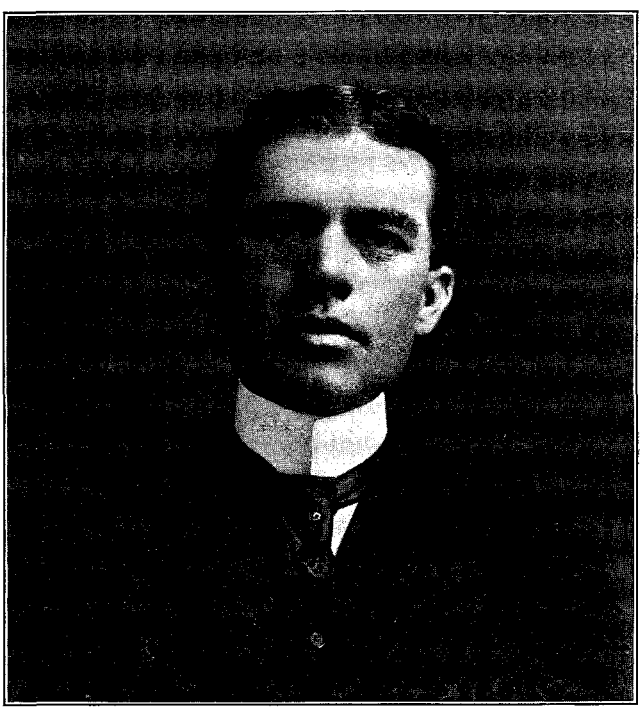
THE FATHER OF RAGTIME

BY JAMES L. FORD

A STORY which perhaps illustrates better than any other Mr. Davis's work of the Cuban war period is "A Derelict," which, like many another of his most striking tales, was founded on fact, skilfully charged with fiction. It has been generally supposed that the late Stephen Crane was the original of the derelict Channing, but this is not the case. In the story, Channing is represented as a brilliant descriptive writer whose unfortunate habits of laziness, irresponsibility, and drunkenness had deprived him of regular employment and finally left him adrift near the scene of the battle of Santiago. Keating, the regular correspondent of the Combined Press, was also addicted to drink but seldom allowed it to interfere with his work. The great battle, coming as it did unexpectedly, found Keating hopelessly *hors de combat* in his berth on board the Press tug, and gave Channing the great opportunity of his life.



CHARLES TREVATHAN

The real hero of the story, though he was not the derelict—Mr. Davis reversed the positions to make his tale effective—was the late Charles E. Trevathan, a newspaper writer and song composer of unusual gifts well known in his day in San Francisco and New York and in many cities between. Trevathan was an easy-going Southerner with a great knowledge of horse-flesh

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and a positive genius for ragtime. A small coloured servitor, named Cooley, had followed him in his devious wanderings from his native Tennessee, and the two worked together in producing such songs as "Crappy Dan," "The New Bully," "The Frog Song" and "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." Many of these songs were popularised by May Irwin, who regarded Trevathan as her favourite composer. Cooley would frequent the various negro resorts where the songs had their origin, and then would pick up the words and tunes and bring them to his master, who would arrange them for general use. It is not too much to say of this little darkey that he was the father of the ragtime vogue which swept over the greater part of the civilised world and of which we have not yet heard the last.

Trevathan not only knew horses as a trainer or jockey knows them, but also with the real love of a born horseman and a keen appreciation of equine nature in all its phases. He could write the life of a winner and make it as interesting as that of a human being. The late Mr. William C. Whitney, who was a great admirer of his gifts in this direction, employed him to write *The History of the Trotting Horse in America.* During the racing season Trevathan frequently acted as a judge at the track and was accounted a fair, just, and discerning one.

While in New York he was a special writer on *The Journal* and lived at the Campbell House on West Forty-second Street, attended by the faithful Cooley, with whom he was accustomed to "rag over" the different airs borne to his ears by the latter and rewritten by Charley for the song market. In San Francisco he worked for Mr. Hearst, acted as race-track judge and idled away much of his time in peaceful, ruminative contentment.

One day the *wanderlust* took possession of Trevathan's soul and caused him to pack his simple *impedimenta* into a valise with the idea of going off somewhere—he did not exactly know or care where. Embarking on a trading steamer, he set forth across the Pacific, and, after some weeks of trading at the various islands, found himself in Samoa, the climate and appearance of which pleased him so much that he had his valise carried ashore and settled down for an indeterminate stay.

It was at Samoa that he came across an old friend, an employee of the Associated Press, who had been sent to this out-of-the-way part of the world where there was no cable and, as a general thing, very little for him to do. The A. P. man was uproariously glad to see his old friend and learn from his lips what was going on in San Francisco. He produced a bottle from his carefully hoarded store and the two sat down for a long and intimate talk. Other bottles succeeded the first and in the due course of time the accredited correspondent of the Associated Press was in a state similar to that by which Keating was overtaken when the Spanish ships crept out of their harbour to do battle with the American fleet.

Now it happened that at this time there were men-of-war—both English and American—lying off Samoa, and something came to pass that still has its place in the history of the world. That something was a huge tidal wave which destroyed many of the ships and hurled drowned and drowning men upon the strand. It came with all the suddenness and fury of a tropical storm and provided the derelict with an opportunity for descriptive writing of which he was absolutely unable to avail himself. Trevathan realised at once the urgency of the case and hurried down to the water's edge, where for many long hours he remained, dragging the survivors out of the water, resuscitating them and making mental notes of everything that he saw. His labours over, he returned to the hut where he had left his friend and found him still sleeping the sleep of inebriety. Like the Channing of Mr. Davis's story, the other drank deeply by habit and always

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showed it. And, like Keating, Trevathan could drink quite as much and give no sign of intoxication. If I remember rightly, Mr. Davis's simile for Keating was a cork mat on which liquor could be spilt and quietly absorbed.

As I have said before, there was no cable to Samoa, and Trevathan knew that the Associated Press would expect their agent to furnish them by the next mail steamer, whose appearance at the island was momentarily looked for, a full and graphic account of the great disaster. Every detail, including the names of many of the saved and of those whose bodies were now drawn up on the shore awaiting sepulture, were in Charley's possession. He felt that it was incumbent on him to save his friend's job, and, with this holy purpose in mind, he sat down, exhausted as he was, and, like Channing in the story, wrote the best thing of his entire career. His account of the tidal wave at Samoa, which he finished just in time to send by the steamer, was telegraphed to every city and town in the United States, and widely copied by newspapers in England and the British colonies. It was a thrilling account of the disaster and it is not too much to say of it that it made a profound impression on the whole civilised world. Like Channing, who signed Keating's name to his account of the battle of Santiago, Charley signed his friend's name to the screed, and not until he had seen his thick envelope placed in the mail pouch did he lie down and take his well-needed rest. The other awoke to find that all was over and it was with feelings of inexpressible relief that he learned what his friend had done for him.

Mr. Charles Michelsen was on the night desk of the San Francisco *Examiner* when the story arrived and he read it with amazement. The agent's stock went up several pegs in the estimation of the officers of the Associated Press, and the story was still a subject of discussion in newspaper offices when Trevathan drifted in several weeks later. In reply to their eager inquiries, "Have you read that story of the tidal wave?" he replied carelessly: "Why, yes, I wrote it. I didn't have anything else to do just then."

Some years later Davis and Michelsen were acting together for Mr. Hearst in Cuba, and it was from the latter's lips that the author of "The Derelict" heard the story of how Charley Trevathan saved his friend's job for him.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Miss Brown has always been more successful with her short stories than with her novels. There is a touch of paradox in the fact. For her short stories particularly impress us with their superiority over most work of the kind in point of action and characterisation. Here, we say, is a writer not content simply to dab at a picturesque figure or episode and to call the result a short story, but aiming at an interpretation as true and as deep as the limitations of her canvas permit. Surely, we say, when she gives herself the freedom of the larger scale, we shall get something extraordinarily true and deep. What really happens is what has happened in so many recent instances, with Kipling and the rest. Set free from her mechanical limits, embarked upon the free, almost boundless waters of the longer narrative form, Miss Brown clings overhard to the tiller. In place of the ease and grace of her short tales, we have a sort of determined and artificial alertness. She takes us a voyage and duly leads us into port; but somehow we have not been gloriously happy all the way. Her persons, our shipmates, have been less, not more real than the companions

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of our, as it seemed, too brief earlier journeys under her guidance. Her action, with all its brilliancy of episode, is laboured, and her idea (for of course her work has always the New English foundation of an idea) is spread thin.

The title of the present novel has its narrower and broader meaning. The central figure in the action is literally a jailbird, but stone walls do not his prison make. The real struggle begins when he is forced to take up life under the new conditions and make something of it. He has two convictions to build upon. One, which has come to him before his release, is the belief that true freedom can be attained only through obedience to law—that is, to truth and right as embodied in authority. But he comes to believe also—and this is the larger idea of the book—that freedom can be had only through casting off unnatural forms of bondage, whether to others, or to circumstances, or to "possessions," or to ourselves.

The gist of the story is this. Jeffrey Blake is an ambitious young man of business with a luxury-loving wife. Out of his infatuation for her he becomes an embezzler and is caught. She is a Circe, and has stolen a priceless diamond necklace from her harpy-aunt, a superannuated prima donna. The necklace is a gift from royalty, and has been "tied up" so that it can neither be sold nor pawned. Therefore Madame Beattie prefers to squeeze the value of the necklace out of the thief's husband, as a price of silence, rather than to have it back.

Jeffrey returns to Torrington, and makes various discoveries as to the imprisoned estate of his fellow-townsmen. He sees, for example, that he and his wife and Madame Beattie and more than one other, have been prisoners of the necklace, a thing of no ultimate or spiritual value. There is no reforming the wife, no softening the aunt; but we leave Jeffrey in the end with the vision of a new and pure romance before his eyes. Madame Beattie is an admirable "character" part, akin to Madame de Bernstein—but there are too many character parts here—and this perhaps is why we find ourselves doubting the soundness of the characterisation. In the action, also, coincidence plays too obvious a part.

In *Trial by Fire* we have a not dissimilar blend of idea, melodrama, and realism of detail. There are in a way two heroes, both sons of a stoker of the Great Lakes who has forced his way to wealth. The plot in which these two are involved is a plot pure and simple, a frank contrivance for a purpose. The stoke-hole of a lake ore-boat is the scene of the most important parts of the action. No stroke is spared to bring home the monstrous conditions under which the men who face the glowing monster must work. The rungs of the iron ladder are too hot to be touched with the naked hand. The air to be breathed while enormous muscular effort is making, stands at 130 degrees Fahrenheit or more. And the question which the author answers is the question which we have all found ourselves asking: how can any men be found to do such work? What is their reward for this life of torment? The author answers it with one word, service—devotion to a dismal but indispensable sort of cause. The huge, apparently brutalised Cagey of the story has his own standards, his own

*The Prisoner. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Trial by Fire. By Richard Matthews Hallet. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

The Pioneers. By Katherine Susannah Prichard. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Cruise of the Jasper B. By Don Marquis. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Plunderers. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Bright Eyes of Danger. By John Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Father Bernard's Parish. By Florence Olmstead. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Human Boy and the War. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Night Cometh. By Paul Bourget. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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chivalry, even, to go by. Therefore, in the end, having given his proofs of magnanimity, he refuses to accept the chance of escape from his daily torture-house.

In *The Pioneers,* once more, the idea of law and of redemption for the law-maker is handled with vigour, though in a very different way from Miss Brown's. The story won a $5,000 prize for a story of Australian life, and is far better than prize productions are wont to be. There is nothing here of the written-to-order flavour, and I suspect that the writer found rather a road to publication in the contest than a reason for writing. The scene is laid in a coast neighbourhood not far from one of the great penal settlements, and there are few of the characters that are not, however faintly, tarred with the same brush. What the writer seems to wish to show is that the law often goes wrong, is often at the other pole from justice, and throws a shadow over many a life which is essentially blameless. There is more than a touch of defiance in the act of climax by which Deirdre avenges herself upon the man who has betrayed her into becoming his wife. He deserves to die, and she kills him—that is the simple logic of the episode, and the corollary in such a pioneer community as we are dealing with, is that she goes scot-free. Whatever its ethical standing, the story is told with uncommon skill and sincerity. There is a melodramatic villain, but the other people, almost without exception, stand out as human figures whom we are interested in for their own sakes, not merely for any exigencies of plot.

If there is such a thing as summer reading,—and that is a question which, against all intentions, we are bound to discuss more or less gravely at this season,—it is not, I should guess (at the moment) the silly mush of other days, the "Duchess" kind of thing, but rather the story of mystery and adventure, with or without humour. *The Cruise of the Jasper B.* is a story of this kind, with a good deal of humour. The adventures of Cleggett have a delightfully Stocktonian flavour. After long service as a drudge in a newspaper office, Cleggett suddenly comes into a legacy of a half-million. He is not yet past his youth, and the world is all before him. He buys an old hulk which has long been stuck in the mud of a Long Island cove. His plan is to fit her out and sail whither he will in quest of adventure. But there turns out to be a proper mystery about the *Jasper B.* which presently involves Cleggett and his crew and various others in sufficiently thrilling adventures before they have had a chance to try their seamanship, and their luck at happenings, away from Long Island muck. The thing is done, I say, with a quaint yet unforced extravagance which reminds me of the Stockton touch—a later Rudder Grange, to make much of the analogy. If there is no Pomona here, there is an almost equally delightful Lady Agatha, with her tragic past and her unfailingly comic point of view.

A book of similar ingenuity and good humour contains the new tales by Edwin Lefevre. The central notion is of a "Plunder Recovery Syndicate," which operates by a series of elaborate and outlandish schemes, to the avowed end of "reducing the tainted wealth of our compatriots." "We operate," runs one of their manifestoes, "only on the rich enemies of society. Pearls and diamonds have ruined as many women as drink has ruined men or Wall Street has destroyed souls. We regard them as plunder to be recovered." In devious and unexpected ways this humanitarian organisation achieves its object, whether with the aid of burglary or confidence work, or kidnapping; manipulating a market, or getting control of a great trust company. There are only four tales in the collection, and two of them are of such length as to be rankable as "novelettes" rather than short stories. Perhaps the most amusing is the incident of the Klondiker who appears in New York with an alleged seven millions in gold dust, which he causes to be placed in the engine-room of his hotel.

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A newspaper gets wind of him and takes him up, commends him to the greatest trust company in the city. His boxes of dust are removed to the vaults of the company. He separates twenty and orders them cashed. They are found to contain a million and a half in gold dust, and that amount is placed to his credit. His real credit for the operation which follows, however, lies in the supposed five or six millions which remain untouched in, as it were, the original package. And of course (only it is not of course till we get to the point) most of the other boxes are filled with junk. This is Mr. Lefevre's kind of thing, and he has never done it better.

The Bright Eyes of Danger is an adventure-book of a far older fashion. Indeed, it is nothing less daring than a new romance of the Young Pretender. And it is a new romance done in, or frankly after, that very ancient style which we can hardly realise is no more than a century old—the style of Scott. It is, however, in spite of all the risks it takes, a very successful piece of work of its kind. The style is happily clear of the cheap fustian sprinkled with modernisms which we have to put up with, for the most part, in so-called historical romances. The writer is as liberal with the lowland Scotch dialect as his great original, but we never feel that he is using it for its own sake. The introduction, with its machinery of the ancient portraits and the discovered manuscript, is in the established manner. The story opens on the eve of Preston. Young Edmund Layton of Westmoreland journeys to Edinburgh on a matter of business at the moment when the Pretender and his devotees are tasting their first success. Layton is a King's man by descent, but neutral in the present issue. Nevertheless, he is at once involved in a romantic affair with a Jacobite girl which makes his position difficult enough even for a romancer. The private events which follow are largely influenced by a villain, double-faced and black-hearted, who wins his reward in the long end. There is a blind, strong man here, and a buried treasure traced by means of a chart itself defaced by burial—familiar matters, but given a kind of freshness by the author's own interest in them. As for the Pretender's part in the story, it is, gratefully, that of a plausible convenience. His most important movement is that when, a fugitive, he falls into the hands of one Edmund Layton, now technically on the King's side and responsible for his prisoner. Out of liking for the Prince, and out of his feeling for his Jacobite wife, he is unable to do his duty—and spends the rest of his life regretting it. Honour lost, and that kind of thing!

Father Bernard's Parish is a pleasantly written romance of city streets. It keeps to the difficult mean which lies betwixt soapy sentimentalism on the one hand and scientific "uplift" on the other. It shows us one of those little worlds which lie hidden among the meanest of mean streets, as real and complete even as the little world you or I know for our own. The scene here is unpromising enough—"Columbus Avenue, in the neighbourhood of One Hundredth Street." Yet it holds, invisible to the elevated passer, a little community with a certain character and family life of its own. Father Bernard's parish is a little melting-pot, to begin with. The chief persons in the story are Irish, Polish, German, Italian. In the lunch-room of Mrs. Zucherman's (German) bakery the main attraction is Lena Schramin, daughter of a German-Polish butcher. Lena is of the fiery, man-compelling type, faithful to the core, but born with danger signals flying for the other sex. Contrasted with her is gentle Annie Halligan, whom her harsh-tempered, compassionate Irish mother has dreamed of protecting from the shocks of life by making a nun of her. Lena is the storm centre of the action, which, it may be said at once, is not that of an elaborately "plotted" story. Tim Halligan, the baggage-smasher, is Lena's choice almost from the start, but she fiercely conceals the truth from him and from herself as

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long as possible. Meantime she has her little fling, with her wiles, at the other sex as a whole, and brings down among others two rivals whom the stalwart Tim rids himself of in the end by appeal to the big fist. The little story itself is, you say, nothing, a commonplace of human experience. But it is told with much simplicity and effectiveness, and a pleasing absence of the claptrap magazine effects.

It ends, one may say, on the note of war. This is increasingly frequent among current stories. If the great war has produced out of itself few novels of striking power, it has begun to set a background, to impose an atmosphere. So in *The Human Boy and the War,* Mr. Phillpotts shows us a bit of English schoolboy life going on under war conditions, with many of the masters in the field, and the continued pressure upon the schoolboy mind, of this monstrous yet fascinating struggle going on over there just out of bounds. And yet—out of bounds it is. Schoolboy life, community life, have a way of getting on with their usual business, though the heavens fall. These bits of direct testimony by the members of the Upper and Lower Schools at Merivale are delightfully humourous revelations of the boy state of mind. Merivale is impressed by the war and thrilled at her own point of direct contact: notably that of the formerly athletic master, whose case is so often and so edifyingly alluded to in these reports: "Fortescue, who wrote such splendid war poetry, but was prevented from enlisting unfortunately by an illness of the aorta, which is a part of the heart, and when enlarged is frightfully dangerous." Exciting also is the case of Mr. Hutchings, who is actually wounded at the front, and wins a painfully collected "testimonial" from the School. But the School itself remains the important thing; underneath the surface the boy-nature works itself out in much the old ways, fights and Euclid and soccer and practical jokes and the rest—the immemorial thing. And out of it all we get an odd sense of something stable and permanent—an England which can never be risked at the front, which is bound to keep springing from the ancient stalk, however often it may be lopped off at the ends.

It is well that Bourget's remarkable study of current human life in the light of the war has been put in English form. This represents a sincere and disinterested attempt to face certain harassing questions,—such as "What does civilisation amount to?" or "What does Christianity amount to, while such things still can be?" M. Bourget gives his inquiry directness and dramatic force by embodying it in the story of three persons —the famous old triangle reduced to the terms of the hour. At the outbreak of the war Ortègue, a famous surgeon, has established a Clinique of his own in Paris for the handling of difficult cases. In the full prime of his forties Ortègue has married a beautiful woman of twenty. The union seems a fitting one, but later the surgeon himself has become a victim of cancer. He has diagnosed his own case, given a verdict of incurable, and determined to hide the truth as long as possible. But already he has lost his strength and his youth. The contrast between himself and his wife, now in her full bloom, is pitiable, and he is tortured by jealousy or hatred of whatever it may be that is going to separate them. Ortègue is a materialist, believes neither in God nor in a life after death, and has taught his wife the folly of religion. To him the war is simply a brutal thing, happening as brutal things do happen in a world without moral meaning. He wishes France to win, but will permit no large words about it.

Now Madame Ortègue has a young second cousin, exactly of her own age, Le Gallic, who is at the front. He is deeply religious, and yet goes out to war full of joy.

"We shall get the Germans this time, Cousin," he cries. "Believe me: I'm sure of it. Shall I tell you why? Defeated, France would perish, and she ought not to perish, because she remains

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the great Catholic country. Yes, in spite of her government, her electors, her codes, her newspapers—in spite of everything. You who believe only in experience, close not your eyes, I beg of you, to this bit of experience. We shall conquer, because God is with us." "If we are the conquerors, my friend," Ortègue retorts, "it will simply be because we have the best guns, the best rifles, the best generals, and the best soldiers."

So Le Gallic goes off to war, carrying with him, among other romantic baggage, a hopeless and blameless passion for his cousin, conceived when she was a girl of fifteen. Ortègue has discerned the fact of this passion, but not its quality, and much of the narrative has to do with the double growth of his disease and his jealousy. Ortègue, without religious inhibitions, determines upon suicide, and induces his wife to promise to die with him. Le Gallic is sent back to the Clinique, wounded. A sort of struggle begins, between the two doomed men, for the soul of the woman. Le Gallic busies himself with the composition of a religious memorial to a fellow comrade. "I confess," said Ortègue, after reading it, "my inability to see the connection between the scenes of carnage,—necessary, I admit, courageous, I also admit, which you have described, but ferocious, you will agree, and these sentences of a transcendental idealism." "There is a connection, however," cried Le Gallic. "And what may it be?" "Sacrifice."

Ortègue kills himself, first freeing his wife from her promise, and not long after Le Gallic dies in agony and ecstasy, refusing opiates, and dedicating his death to the woman of his heart. Which has won? who has the truth of it? asks the narrator (who is supposed to be an assistant of Ortègue). This self-sacrifice seems so often misplaced or in vain. This war—"Has the shedding of so much blood and so many tears a significance elsewhere? Or is this world-conflict nothing but a frenzied fit of delirium, the only result of which will be the premature entrance of innumerable organisms into the cycle of physico-chemical decompositions and recompositions?" But Le Gallic's doctrine has at least the merit of being utilisable. Being positive, it must work for something. Though all this sacrifice be misdirected, surely it cannot all be wasted? "For it to have a significance there must, then, have been, in the absence of human witnesses, someone to receive it, a mind capable of registering the act which man makes for man when the act has no result and no man knows it." Upon this plane of wistful surmise the inquiry ends—it is, at least, a plane well above the levels of negation and despair.

ON FOLDER OF AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

A THOUSAND light elves danced upon my shoulder
As I set free your first compelling line—
Yes, and the last; for smooth you flowed like wine,
Golden with warmth, but how much darker, colder,
Than vineyard visioned it. My theme was older
Than death, youth's boundless dream—or was it mine?
What matter, since its star appeared to shine
With fire enough to fill with life this folder!
And now the imps of malice seem to smirk
From your rejected pages, sneering: "This
Was to have brought you fame!" My hope, no doubt:
But not my guide or goal while lost in work.
Have I not tasted the explorer's bliss?
The praise of parrots I can do without.

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VOICES IN THE WILDERNESS*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

OUT of the wilderness of a world given over to bayonets and shrapnel and battleships and slaughter, a delirium of faith in physical force, come these books that cry out for an end to be put to the old dependence upon slaying and despoiling. They are all agreed that the world has come to the point where mankind must find some better way than warfare for the settlement of its difficulties. But no two of them are agreed as to how it can be done, or what caused this cataclysm to burst upon a world that was beginning to think it had well-nigh done with war already. But out of a multitude of voices wisdom can be gathered, a little here and a little there. And so a bird's-eye view of these ten volumes will show, in the first place, how many and varied were the sinister forces that worked together toward the same inevitable end; and in the next place, and consequently, how complex is the problem of eliminating or transforming the causes of war. The most cocksure pacifist could not arise from the reading of these books without some humbling of the spirit and some unaccustomed doubt as to the trustworthiness of his own panacea and even of the imminence of this great revolution. Each one of these authors urges a different method for the curing of the evil. And doubtless every one of them, and many others also, will be needed for even the scotching of the monster.

Of the four books that come from across the Atlantic it is noteworthy that three urge upon America the importance of the rôle it is possible for her to play in helping Europe to lessen the danger of future wars. They set forth many things she can do, if she will, both within her own house and in co-operation with other nations, that would work toward that end.

*The Restoration of Europe. By Alfred H. Fried. Translated by Lewis Stiles Gannett. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Because I am a German. By Hermann Fernau. Edited, with an Introduction, by T. W. Rolleston. Authorised Translation from the German. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The European Anarchy. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

What Is Coming? A European Forecast. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

New Wars for Old. By John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Why War? By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Forks of the Road. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The German Republic. By Walter Wellman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Second Coming. By Frederic Arnold Kummer and Henry P. Janes. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Nationalism, War and Society. By Edward Krehbiel. Introduction by Norman Angell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"THE RESTORATION OF EUROPE"

If the infinite woe of the world war can be laid at the feet of any one man the unhappy creature who must bear its responsibility is surely Friedrich Nietzsche. For that amiable neurotic spoke with the tongues of devils and the last word of his malign influence has not yet been said. Perhaps from some far battlement of heaven his gentle spirit now looks down and sees how his ruthless philosophy poisoned the spirit of a whole nation until the stream that flowed from his little pile of books issued at last into rivers of blood. And one can imagine him wringing hands of impotent horror and vainly trying to cry out to the sons of men: "Beware! Beware what you

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write! For the evil of the printed word that is not for man's good is endless!"

Without any doubt the printed word that is just and sane and reasonable and furthers man's welfare needs all the help it can get in making itself known in order to have an even chance with the other kind. For rarely, alas! do such words have that magnetic influence upon the human mind that those philosophies, such as Nietzsche's, exercise that stir and inspire the baser sides of man's nature. Therefore I feel it incumbent upon me to give a special word of commendation to Dr. Fried's modest volume and the very just, practical and wide-visioned plans he proposes for the lessening of the menace of war. His theory of the cause of the present war—each writer upon it has a different one—is that it arose out of the cross purposes and friction engendered by the fact that while the European nations were interdependent economically they were politically antagonistic. Among the war's lessons he thinks one of the most important is that it has proved the system of competitive armaments to be a sure cause of war sooner or later and a constant menace to the peace of the world. If the great war is to be of any benefit to mankind it must bring about a rational state system with such international organisation as will do away with that international anarchy out of which it grew. The nations must learn to cooperate and to realise that it is necessary for each nation to develop among its own people the desire for international amity and justice. He offers some practical plans for the bringing about of international co-operation and he thinks that Europe has something to learn from America in the recognition of the ideas that must obtain and the principles that must be put in force to reach that end. In a foreword to the American edition he reminds the people of this country of "the great duty" which will be theirs to fulfil toward Europeans after the war. The closing chapter discusses briefly the difference between the pacifism of yesterday and of to-morrow and pleads for a better general understanding of what the word stands for.

Dr. Fried is an Austrian by birth and has lived most of his life in Berlin, where for fifteen years or more he edited a pacifist journal. At the breaking out of the war he found it advisable to remove to Switzerland, where he has since lived. There is not the least pro-Teuton leaning in his book. The Nobel Peace Prize in 1911 was awarded to him.

"BECAUSE I AM A GERMAN"

While Hermann Fernau's book is on its face an examination of the anonymous work, *J'Accuse,* which has won for its author the vilification of official Germany and the interest of the rest of the world, one discovers presently that it is really much more than its apparent purpose makes manifest. Not only does the author subject the argument and charges of *J'Accuse* to close investigation and analysis, finding most of them substantiated and convincing, but he has also his own individual message to speak concerning the causes of the war, the war itself and what ought to be done to those guilty of precipitating it if Europe is to insure herself against another such bath of blood and hate and fury. Sometimes he seems to depend for effect rather more on the stridency of his tone than the force of his argument; and he does not always treat with fairness and justice those with whose viewpoints and methods he does not agree. His attitude, for instance, toward Dr. Fried's book, reviewed above, concerning whose arguments and propositions he gives a hasty, misinterpreting glimpse, shows that he does not hold it necessary for a pacifist to be pacific. Nevertheless, his work is interesting and of consequence because it adds another voice to those already crying out in the European wilderness for more sanity and justice and righteousness and democracy in the conduct hereafter of European affairs. He makes an impassioned demand that the Ger-

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man people examine without prejudice the proof that Germany was guilty of precipitating the war and properly punish its instigators—who, he seems to think, were the Kaiser and his entourage. What he calls "the main concern of us modern pacifists and democrats" is that when things are reconstructed after the war there shall cease to be that double standard of morals, one for individuals, the people at large, and the other for the State, its rulers and diplomats, that has for so long led European international relations along devious ways.

With all its faults Herr Fernau's book is, just as was *J'Accuse,* the voice of the conscience of Germany, of that silenced Germany whose interests and aspirations are not identical with or overruled by dynastic needs and ambitions. And official Germany has made it a criminal offence to possess a copy of the book, has forbidden its sale under heavy penalties and confiscated every discovered copy of the work.

"THE EUROPEAN ANARCHY"

Mr. Dickinson is already well known to American readers as a keen observer, an honest thinker and a candid writer, although, as regards the United States, he has been inclined sometimes to be a bit hasty and narrow in his generalisations and rather confident and dogmatic in conclusions based upon insufficient observation. But there is not a whit of these faults to be found in this new book, which is singularly broad, unprejudiced and dispassionate in its statement of facts and in its arguments and conclusions.

Mr. Dickinson traces the genesis of the present war clear back to the end of the fifteenth century, when the sovereign State emerged and Machiavelli instituted the processes and methods of diplomacy. With broad, illuminating strokes he outlines the relations between the European powers, concerning himself chiefly with the spirit of their attitude toward one another until he comes down to recent years. Then he sets forth the desires of each nation, what it wanted and why in various parts of the world, and how impossible it was that their greed for wealth and power should not conflict and arouse international suspicion, jealousy, determination to outwit and outdo. It is a sorry picture and he does not spare Great Britain in the drawing of it any more than he does France or Germany or Russia. But, although this international anarchy has ended in appalling cataclysm, Mr. Dickinson is hopeful of the future. He believes that a great many people have learned something by the world war, perhaps enough to influence the settlement when it shall come. The few pages in which at the end of the book he speaks of the spirit in which that settlement must be faced if the old bad system is to be ended are sober and weighty, and especially deserving of study by American readers. He insists that a change of outlook is necessary, a new habit of the nations in their attitude toward one another. "The difficulty," he says, "is moral and lies in the habits, passions and wills of men." And he believes that to the American people has come opportunity to initiate such a change as would alter the future of the world. "To take the lead," he says, "in introducing into international relations that new policy which alone can guarantee and preserve civilisation may be the special mission and glory of the United States. On their action at this crisis of the race the future of society may depend."

"WHAT IS COMING?"

Mr. Wells always both pleases himself and interests his readers when he takes up, as he does in this book, the rôle of prophet. In the initial essay on "Forecasting the Future" he makes an ingenious and fascinating exposition of how the scientific mind applies its qualities and its training to the task of trying to see how present facts and situations will develop and into what facts and situations they will evolve a few weeks, months or years hence. Then,

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having acquainted the reader with the workings of the machinery, he goes on to apply his scientific reasoning to the study of how the unprecedented social conditions that now obtain in England will affect social conditions after the war and of how international relations may be transformed by the lessons to be learned from the conflict. Under the former division are several essays which take up social, industrial and governmental phases of that possible future which will come after the war is over as the result of its stresses, demands and upheavals. The titles of some of these will indicate their nature: "The New Education," "What the War is doing for Women," "How far will Europe go toward Socialism?" "Nations in Liquidation," "Lawyer and Press," "The Future of the World." The others deal with international relations of all sorts, political, financial, industrial, intellectual, and discuss the methods by which these can be influenced. There is also a great deal about the future course of the war and the effect of its eventualities upon Germany. In all this latter discussion Mr. Wells stands on the unfaltering conviction that if the German people will get rid of the Hohenzollern dynasty a prosperous and friendly future will immediately open its gates before them. In that case he can see inviting possibilities of a German republic of federated states living happily at home and in harmony with its neighbours. It is quite possible that if the Entente Allies were to translate into German some of Mr. Wells's pages and drop them from aeroplanes upon German communities they might have better and more important results than the bombs which in reprisal they sometimes send down for the killing of women and children in German towns. In every one of these essays Mr. Wells pours out a stream of ideas, observations, speculations invariably stimulating and suggestive. Like almost everything that he writes the style is sloppy, diffuse and burdened with excess verbiage. He often blurs and obscures his points with his anxious endeavours to make his meaning precise. But the reader forgets these faults, much of the time, in the pleasure and interest with which he follows the author's alert, penetrating, restless and far-gazing mind. He probably will not agree with some of the argument. But that need not lessen his enjoyment of the vigourous mental stimulus he will find in the reading of it.

In the course of his pages Mr. Wells often turns questioning eyes across the Atlantic as he tells of many things this country might do in the approaching world crisis to help toward better international relations in the future. We might even, he thinks, be a dominating factor in that crisis. But he is not notably hopeful that we will do any of these things, because of the "disastrous indifference of America to the essentials of the European situation." He sees a quite wonderful task that lies within the possibilities of our universities, especially those of our western States, which he much admires; he considers how much we might do through the medium of a closer Pan-American understanding and alliance; he points out what might result if we were to strike hands in friendly and co-operating fashion with Russia and the Scandinavian countries; and he sees before us the possibility of dazzling achievement for the good of the world if we will undertake our share of the common burdens of civilisation. To read Mr. Wells's book would widen the outlook in a most salutary way of a great many good Americans.

"NEW WARS FOR OLD"

Whether or not one accepts one solitary argument of all that Mr. Holmes so eloquently and earnestly sets forth in this book, one cannot help rejoicing to find, in a world resounding with the Gargantuan blows of physical force and consenting to rest all its hopes upon material prowess, one voice proclaiming so vigourously and so confidently the unfailing strength and the potential pow-

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ers of the spirit. Mr. Holmes believes that if you pit physical force against lofty ideas, moral convictions, ideals of love and of human sympathy and understanding these latter will finally win and that it is better in the meantime to submit to temporary overthrow than to lose all that resistance inevitably costs in both material and spiritual power. He fills several chapters with the examples history can show, in both modern and ancient times, of how the weak in physical strength by the power and greatness of their spirit have dominated material forces far greater than their own. He argues that history proves the failure of force as a working principle, a failure that he holds to be demonstrated by the biological history of the race, the individual and social relationships of men and the rise and fall of states. So, he says, let us now give to its opposing principle of love the first full and fair trial it has ever had in the evolution of mankind. One chapter is devoted to the inquiry, "Is War Ever Justifiable?" with the conclusion that "every argument for war is sophistry and every act in war a crime." The desirability of universal and lasting peace gets examination in another section whose arguments the author believes offer "full and final answer to the militarist." When he comes to the application of his convictions and arguments to our own country he does not shrink in the least from the demands of his logic. He cries out against the progress of militaristic ideas and he would do away with all dependence upon bullets and shells, soldiers and battleships. But he would have us deepen and foster our faith in our ideals of democracy and brotherhood and love and justice. He would have us preserve our soul inviolate. If an enemy comes, let him come and overrun our land and take it all into his physical possession. For he could not conquer the essentials of our faith and would himself in time be conquered by them.

Mr. Holmes believes that the greatest danger which threatens this country is the danger that we shall abandon our priceless ideals and allow ourselves to be persuaded into "the treacherous ways of blood and iron." "Once let the policy of armaments get fastened upon this republic," he declares, "and our mission as a nation is at an end. . . . We shall be a people of wealth, power, dominion, glory—a people who measure their greatness by the territory they occupy or the trade they own, and not by the ideals of the spirit which they serve."

"WHY WAR?"

The Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York believes that recent wars, those of the last two decades, have sprung out of the imperialised trade and finance of the chief nations of the modern world. Hence there must be some sort of drastic dealing with the causes and conditions out of which grows that imperialistic tendency of modern "excess wealth," if the drain of war upon the race is to be ended. In the first half of his book he examines the general situation which had been produced previous to the outbreak of war by the tendency to merge financial, trade and political interests and shows how it had evolved from previous conditions. Then he takes up the most important politico-economic developments of recent years with reference to the interest in them of the parties to the present conflict. In this way he studies the British occupation of Egypt, the interests of France in Morocco, the partition of Persia, the project of the Bagdad Railway, Germany's interests in the far East, the Chinese loan. His conclusion is that the causes of the world war are to be found in the titanic conflicts and aggressions of British, French and German financiers and concession seekers with their immense hoards of "excess wealth," by means of which they fought with one another for the exploitation of weaker peoples, while behind them stood the powers of foreign office, diplomacy, army and navy, munition makers, the wealthy and the

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ruling classes. Mr. Howe looks with a distinctly hostile eye upon the emergence in the United States of "this new imperialism of finance" which he thinks is linked so closely with all the powers of privilege as to form the greatest menace to our democratic ideals we have ever faced. We must hold fast to those ideals and Europe must share them if peace is to continue, when finally peace comes. Then, with democratic communities, it would be possible, and necessary if war is to be ended, to end private profit from war and the preparations for war, to democratise the conduct of foreign affairs and stop secret diplomacy. Mr. Howe has brought together an immense amount of material pertaining to the development of politico-economic power during the last twenty years and he handles it in a calm, judicial manner. His book is one of the most interesting of the investigations and arguments that have been produced by the war.

"THE FORKS OF THE ROAD"

Not only the nations of the world but also the Christian Church as a whole have come to "the forks of the road," in Dr. Gladden's opinion. He declares that "the practical belief of Christendom, thus far, is that force is the only arbiter of human relationships and that the ultimate right is the right of the strongest." In his earnest little book he makes a summing up of the moral basis upon which the world has been trying to live and shows that now it has come to the point where it must choose between a conception of the future as "an indefinite succession of devastating wars" or one of at least comparative harmony and peaceable development. His indictment of the Christian Church because it has failed to influence men's conduct in line with the tenets upon which it is based is vigourous and unsparing, but voiced in sorrow rather than anger. And he calls upon the Church to shake itself clear of its past mistakes and be ready to take the place, as an influence for peace and brotherhood and right, that it can have if it will in the crucial time of settlement after the war. He has also some pages of advice for the American people, urging them to be slow to arm themselves against imagined foes if they wish to be able to sit at the council table of the nations in the day of settlement, at the "forks of the road," with a clear conscience. The world, he feels sure, will not go on talking and acting and believing in the same old way after this epochal explosion has shown it the falsity and the wrong of so much in which it has believed. Therefore it will be well to decide beforehand in what line of national conduct we wish to put our faith. The little volume is a new issue in the *National Problems Series* which was initiated a year ago with Owen Wister's *Pentecost of Calamity*.

"THE GERMAN REPUBLIC"

A curious similarity of basic idea with the widest divergence in its working out is to be found in Mr. Wellman's rainbow-tinted vision and one of the essays in Mr. Wells's book, reviewed above. The similar idea is the possibility of the birth and growth among the German people, soon, of doubt in the righteousness of their cause and of distrust in their rulers and war leaders. Mr. Wells treats it robustly, in the clear light of things as they are and human nature as it can be expected to act. Mr. Wellman's book is a beautiful vision developed and set forth in such a light as never was, along lines of conduct that human nature has never followed. He sees the seed of clear vision and right thinking slowly and gradually springing to life among the German people in camp, in trench, in battle line, at home, in city, in field, in village. Then rapidly the new ideas grow and weld the people into unity of thought and purpose. And the outcome is the establishment of a German republic with the royal family, humbled and acquiescent, sent to live on the

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island of Heligoland. A complete revolution, without the killing of a single person or the shedding of a drop of blood, is made in the home government and the foreign policy and the attitude of the nation and its people toward other nations and peoples. And so the gates of the millennium open and the world fares forth upon a new day of peace and love and happiness, with the German republic in the van. Mr. Wellman evidently believes ardently in his rainbow-coloured dream and in a personal letter, enclosed in each volume, to each reader of the book he asks every one who shares his faith to write to him. And in all justice to him it must be granted that to conceive and make known a beautiful vision, however far and starry its hopes, is a first step toward bringing to pass any small portion of its features. Moreover, without any doubt, his volume, put into German and dropped from aeroplanes, along with Mr. Wells's essay, into the German army and German cities and villages would be far more efficacious than bombs in bringing about the German republic for which he hopes.

"THE SECOND COMING"

The two authors of this tiny book must be credited with having developed cleverly and persuasively the "vision" which they call their work. It tells, with vivid narrative and dramatic little episodes, of the coming of Christ to the battlefield in northern France, of how the Presence was felt by one and another of the soldiers, and of His going thence to the council chamber behind the lines where were gathered the Kaiser and his generals. There is a long conversation between Christ and the Emperor, in which the former pleads for recognition of His laws and principles as they were set forth during His life on earth and the latter answers with statements of his own belief in the righteousness of his cause and his own divinely given power. It is a cleverly constructed and skilfully worded scene, the rapid give and take of the conversation comparing with dramatic effect the opposing principles of love and force in human affairs.

"NATIONALISM, WAR AND SOCIETY"

Much meat in condensed form is to be found in this volume by Professor Krehbiel, who holds the chair of modern history in Stanford University. He believes war to be the yoke-fellow of the spirit of Nationalism and he studies the two in their relation to each other and in their combined relation to the development and present status of civilisation. Then he takes up the various phases of the opposition to war and examines their fundamental similarities, their divergent developments and the progress they have made. It is all done in the most terse and logical way, without an unnecessary word, the statements arranged somewhat in the form of the exposition of a mathematical problem. Those who want an examination of this great question of the causes of war, its effect on society and whether and how it can be done away with carried on with a minimum of emotion and a maximum of hard fact and clean argument, will find at least a portion of what they are looking for in Professor Krehbiel's volume. Of course, like almost every one who writes on the question of the causes and the prevention of war, he is obsessed by his own viewpoint and holds too lightly co-operating causes. He gives a clear statement of the theories, aims and progress of Internationalism and of the various forces working for its realisation. Like Dr. Fried, a review of whose *Restoration of Europe* opens this article, he insists upon the difference between the old-time idealistic and the modern practical pacifism and, at greater length and with more detail, sets forth their differences. But the book's chief importance for American readers lies in the fact that it makes so clear and simple an exposition of some of the important questions concerned with American foreign policies and the American attitude toward Europe which

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we shall have to meet and decide at the close of the war. Norman Angell writes a long introduction in which, after some discussion of force as an instrument in human progress, he declares that these issues of Nationalism and Internationalism "will dominate, certainly during our generation, all other problems whatsoever, for upon their solution depends the whole character of organised society."

JAMES ELROY FLECKER—ENGLISH PARNASSIAN

BY MILTON BRONNER

I

TIME was when England not only had the primacy in poetry, but also when it originated many of the "movements" that afterward marked the verse production of the world. But in the past half century the fructifying impulses have come from France. Back in 1866, when Swinburne was shocking the critics of his country with his early poems, France was already beginning to feel, dimly perhaps, the change which was afterwards to crystallise in the school that practised *vers libre*. There was a straining against the shackles of rhyme; there was a demand for freedom. And just at that period, partially as a revolt against this and partially as a protest against the all-too-personal poems of the Romantics, there arose the poets who were afterward known as the Parnassians. Perhaps "school" would be too precise a term to apply to them. Many of those who were called Parnassians soon broke away and joined other sets. Only Leconte de Lisle and de Heredia remained true to the colours. De Banville was their precursor and poetical progenitor. It was from him they got their passion for correct rhyming. It was from him they got something of the mood in which rhythm counted as the beginning and end of all poetry. As one critic said of De Banville: "Words, not ideas or sentiments, inspire him. To his bewitched imagination words speak and reply. He sees them gleam, hears them ring against each other. The whole secret of his art lies in luminous, sonorous rhymes."

De Lisle not only thoroughly believed in this passion for rhyme, but he berated the Romantics for their insistence that poetry must utter the heart's cry. This he was inclined to call a mere stupidity. The eternal confessions of the Romantics, their "professional dripping of tears," seemed to him to be violative of all the canons of real poetry. He preached and practised the doctrine of art for art's sake.

The Parnassians never set forth their creed in specific rules, but these might be roughly worded as follows: First,—perfection of form was insisted upon. This meant a strict observance of consecrated rules of poetry. It meant an avoidance of the facile and the obvious, of epithets that had no special meaning, and of feeble and commonplace rhymes. The result was that in seeking for perfection of expression, the Parnassians often lost the soul of poetry and their verbal dexterity degenerated almost into the purely mechanical.

Second,—their poetry was more intellectual than emotional. Tenderness, sympathy, restlessness of mind and heart—these things were more or less taboo. The only emotion they permitted was the æsthetical, that which is stirred by the steady and thoughtful contemplation of beauty.

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Third,—their poetry was in mood more objective than subjective.

Fourth,—it, therefore, tended to deal with things distant in time and place, with lands and scenes of the Orient and of the long-ago.

Given this set of principles, and it is small wonder that in referring to them, critics spoke of the art of the lapidary, of de Heredia as a jeweller in verse, of his turning poetry into hard and brilliant and very fine bronze.

Much water has streamed under the poetical bridges since 1866 and many other kinds of poets have succeeded to the Parnassians, so that the latter have by now passed into the traditions of their literature.

Their creed may have had its reflex across the Channel in England, but it was not until 1913 that an Englishman flaunted on his banner formal allegiance to the Parnassians. And singularly enough he did so just at the time when young English and American poets—rebels all—were starting the *vers libre* movement in their own literature. James Elroy Flecker has been called the last of the Parnassians. He might with equal propriety be entitled the first of the English Parnassians. At Beyreuth in April, 1913, while serving his country in the consular ranks, he penned a preface to his volume, *The Golden Journey to Samarkand,* in which he set forth the faith that was in him. He confessed that he had hoped to expound his own theory of poetry, but all he could do was to praise one that was already old-fashioned in France. It was a Latin theory and, therefore, more likely to supply the defects of the Saxon genius. The Parnassian school, he said, was a classical reaction against the perfervid sentimentality and extravagance of some French Romantics, who, like their brothers in England, had done powerful work, and widened the scope and enriched the language of poetry. The Parnassians raised the technique of their art to a height which enabled them to express the subtlest ideas in powerful and simple verse. Parnassian poetry was not didactic, nor dull and lengthy, nor grossly egotistic, nor too emotional, individual, and eccentric. It displayed a tendency to use traditional forms and even to employ classical subjects. The poet was apt to be objective and dramatic rather than intimate. And he closed with this defiant statement: "To this volume, written with the single intention of creating beauty, now the Moslem East, now Greece and her islands has furnished a setting."

The statement here made is exemplified by the very first lines of the first poem:

We who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
  And swear that Beauty lives though lilies die,
We Poets of the proud old lineage
  Who sing to find your hearts, we know not why, . . .

What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
  Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
  And winds and shadows fall toward the West . . .

There is about this something of the dreamy cadence of William Morris at his very best. It is worlds away from the productions of Ezra Pound, of Edgar Lee Masters, of a dozen other moderns who might be mentioned. He differs from them not only in manner, but also in matter. He values little their studies in realism:

I care not if you bridge the seas,
Or ride secure the cruel sky,
Or build consummate palaces
Of metal or of masonry.

But have you wine and music still,
  And statues and a bright-eyed love,
And foolish thoughts of good and ill,
  And prayers to them who sit above?

Nor are poets of his kind haunted by economic problems, by political matters, by the sufferings of the common man.

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In English glades they watch the Cyprian glow,
And all the Mænad melodies they know.
They hear strange voices in a London street,
And track the silver gleam of rushing feet.

II

A goodly portion of Flecker's all-too-short life was spent in Greece and the Near East. For a man of his temperament and his theories of poetry, this was peculiarly fortunate and satisfying. He was out of the rush of the big, modern, occidental cities. He was away from the roar and the clangour of civilisation. He dwelt in places where life moved at a slower and more equable pace; in fact, where it was carried on very much as it had been carried on centuries before. It was not necessary for him to withdraw himself from the world that surrounded him in order that he might create things of beauty. He was in

. . . the countries where the white moons burn,
And heavy star on star
Dips on the pale and crystal desert hills.

Amid such scenes, he believed he could dream to his heart's content and shape his visions to his heart's desire.

It was some of the work produced under such conditions that came nearest to conforming to his own theories. And as the poet of this style, it could be said of him as Georges Pellissier said of de Heredia:

"In three aspects is he a poet,—as a painter in the brilliancy of his colouring, as a sculptor in the lines of his contours, and as a musician in the sonority and harmony of the rhythms."

We find many of these qualities in that little modern masterpiece of musical Orientalism, "Epilogue," to *The Golden Journey to Samarkand*. There is life and movement in it. There is a perfectly painted picture of the departure of the caravan from Bagdad on the way to Samarkand in olden time. There is the sound of bells in it and the cry of women's voices entreating their men not to venture forth. But the latter cannot stay. Not only business calls, but something more romantic, more stirring:

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
Along the golden road to Samarkand.

There are other poems also dealing with caravans and their dangers and miseries when men lick their parching lips and behold the mirage; when some fall to the knives of the Bedouins and others are blinded and sand-stricken. Another successful study in Orientalism is his "Yasmin," a ghazel in which he seems to concentrate the very essence of the poetry Hafiz practised:

How splendid in the morning glows the lily: with what grace he throws
His supplication to the rose: do roses nod the head, Yasmin?

But when the silver dove descends I find the little flower of friends,
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I have said, Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold: I dare not in that light behold,
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed, Yasmin.

But when the deep red dye of day is level with the lone highway,
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin;

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a soul aswoon,
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky wings outspread, Yasmin,

Shower down thy love, O burning bright! For one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are dead, Yasmin.

There are touches of Parnassian magic scattered all through his poems.

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Here in four lines, for instance, is a poignant and memorable picture:

A linnet who had lost her way
Sang on a blackened bough in Hell,
Till all the ghosts remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

Or, again, of a girl:

Home she came with the West in her eyes
Driving her silver sheep.

Also in his Parnassian mood is his "Ballad of Iskander," which with its music, its gleams of humour, its fancy, its strangeness goes straight back to Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. There is astonishing imagination in it and a melody that catches the reader in the beginning and does not let him go until he has finished. He is presented a tale of Iskander, who was Alexander, and who sent forth upon the sea a silver ship laden with his best men, who were charged with the task of discovering new worlds to conquer. The silver ship is lost and—

For seven years and seven years
Sailed those forgotten mariners,
Nor could they spy on either hand
The faintest level of good red land.

Bird or fish they saw not one;
There swam no ship beside their own,
And day-night long the lilied Deep
Lay round them, with its flowers asleep.

The beams began to warp and crack,
The silver plates turned filthy black,
And drooping down on the carven rails
Hung those once lovely silken sails.

III

Flecker did not have the determination and the concentration of de Heredia. He was not always Parnassian and aloof. He could not remain always impersonal. He could not cut himself off from the stream of English poetry entirely. He had his moments when he echoed Yeats:

Oh, I will go to France again, and tramp the valley through,
And I will change these gentle clothes for clog and corduroy,
And work with the mill-hands of black Rioupéroux,
And walk with you, and talk with you, like any other boy.

He was a careful student of the wonderful modern ballads by John Davidson, so that we have from his hand similar ballads of a Londoner, of a student in the south, and a searching and pathetic "Ballad of Camden Town"; and, finally, one in which he harks back to the very beginnings of English balladry in the weird and telling "Bryan of Brittany":

And her hair is the golden gold of a rose,
And her lips as the red rose tree,
And her breasts are as white as the foam, and the light
Of her eyes is the light of the sea.

He was very young when he died, only thirty, and the tuberculosis that was to kill him turned his thoughts often to death and the grave. Here it is we especially get the lyric cry, the personal touch and tone that takes him away from the poetic art as the Parnassians taught it. He passionately declares he is not weary of life "as pallid poets are." He prays:

Let me not know, except from printed page,
The pain of bitter love, of baffled pride,
Or sickness shadowing with a long presage.

Let me not know, since happy some have died
Quickly in youth or quietly in age,
How faint, how loud the bravest hearts have cried.

In another poem his protest, his vain protest, becomes piercing in its agony:

I know dead men are blind and cannot see
The friend that shuts in horror their big eyes,
And they are witless—O, I'd rather be
A living mouse than dead as a man dies.

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The idea of death both terrifies and fascinates him. He plays with the thought of it. He dreams of the dead as Arthur O'Shaughnessy sometimes did. The dead are dead and yet in some strange way it seems to him they are alive down there in the grave. At least, they are sentient, they realise a lack:

Bright lights I loved and colours, I who find
That death is darkness, and has struck me blind.

Another cried:

I used to sing and play,
But here the world is silent, day by day.

And the poet himself sums up his feeling:

Then said my heart, Death takes and cannot give.
Dark with no dream is hateful: let me live.

Personal emotion was not only heard in his poems dealing with the angel of the darker drink. Away there in the Near East, longing for familiar sights and sounds of England, he pictured the things for which he was homesick:

Oh, shall I never, never be home again!
Meadows of England shining in the rain
Spread wide your daisied lawns: your ramparts green,
With briar fortify, with blossom screen,
Till my far morning—and O streams that slow
And pure and deep through plains and playlands go,
For me your love and all your kingcups store,
And—dark militia of the southern shore,
Old fragrant friends—preserve me the last lines
Of that long saga which you sung me, pines,
When, lonely boy, beneath the chosen tree
I listened, with my eyes upon the sea.

His most perfect expression of this feeling is in "Oak and Olive," his own variation of Browning's "Home Thoughts From Abroad." When he is in England, he dreams of Greece, and when in Greece, he longs for England:

When I go down the Gloucester lanes
My friends are deaf and blind:
Fast as they turn their foolish eyes
The Mænads leap behind,
And when I hear the fire-winged feet,
They only hear the wind.

Have I not chased the fluting Pan
Through Cranham's sober trees?
Have I not sat on Painswick Hill
With a nymph upon my knees,
And she as rosy as the dawn,
And naked as the breeze?

But when I lie in Grecian fields,
Smothered in asphodel,
Or climb the blue and barren hills,
Or sing in woods that smell
With such hot spices of the South
As mariners might sell. . . .

Then my heart turns where no sun burns,
To lands of glittering rain,
To fields beneath low-clouded skies
New-widowed of their grain,
And Autumn leaves like blood and gold
That strew a Gloucester lane.

Oh, well, I know sweet Hellas now,
And well I knew it then,
When I with starry lads walked out . . .
But, ah, for home again!
Was I not bred in Gloucestershire,
One of the Englishmen?

Finally there is his wonderful personal confession in "Stillness." Here we have the artist to whom words are indeed living things, to whom thoughts are objects he can see. Here we have the dreamer who would lose himself if it were not for the human touch, the touch of the hand that he loves:

When the words rustle no more,
And the last work's done,
When the bolt lies deep in the door,
And Fire, our Sun,
Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the floor;

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When from the clock's last chime to the next chime,
Silence beats his drum,
And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother Time
Wheeling and whispering come,
She with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme:

Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee,
I am emptied of all my dreams:
I only hear Earth turning, only see
Ether's long bankless streams,
And only know I should drown if you
Laid not your hand on me.

Hatred of death and its darkness, homesickness for England and its well-remembered fields and lanes, love for a woman—these are the emotions that swayed the poet. As Parnassian, he created some of the sweetest and most melting rhymes, some of the most vivid and sunlit pictures, some of the most plastic poetic art of our own day. As human being, affected by the feelings common to all of us, he came down from his ivory tower, he forsook his chamber of dreams, and, in a world of realities, where pain and suffering are the rule and not the exception, he gave utterance to the lyric cry, the heart cry, the soul cry that Leconte de Lisle fondly imagined could be banished from poetry. Vain dream! Human tears are more powerful than schoolmen's theories.

LITERARY CLUBLAND*

I. LONDON'S LITERARY CLUBS

BY ARTHUR GOODRICH

I. THE ATHENÆUM

THE characteristic epitaph in impromptu quatrain is a relic of old-time London Bohemianism, of the days of sanded floors, and of long clay pipes, of rollicking, care-free jollity, of the days when literary linen was seldom clean, when literary pockets were usually empty and when literary hearts were almost always light. It suggests all the groups of writers and painters that "clubbed" naturally of a night at Fleet Street inns and about Covent Garden, just as they did at Will's and the Globe Tavern, and in like places well known as the haunts of Johnson and Goldsmith and the rest. But Grub Street has gone, and Johnson's Old Cheshire Cheese—and there are those who doubt even its claim to fame—thrives largely on the patronage of tourists. The Bohemian has been transformed into a hard-working, respectable member of society, the Wit has reformed and modified his vagrant good-humours, and their modern clubs are a fitting background for their new estate. There are memories of sober Gibbon at Boodle's, now in the main a club for country gentlemen, and of Burke and Joshua Reynolds at Brooke's, then a famous gaming club and now largely political in character, but most of the literary memories of modern London club-land—memories that reach back often for nearly a century—are associated with the Athenæum, the Garrick, the Savile, and Savage, and Whitefriars, and a few others.

As the casual tourist comes down from Piccadilly Circus to Waterloo

*These papers on the Literary Clubs of London and New York originally appeared in THE BOOKMAN for May, June and July, 1905. They are reprinted in response to many requests, and are practically unchanged.

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack.
He lived such a damnable life upon earth,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

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Place, the square stone structure at the corner of Pall Mall, its classic solidity and severity of architecture, unobtrusive compared with many nearby buildings, probably fails to draw his curiosity particularly. But in every room there are a hundred vivid memories of the best-known literary men of three generations, not as authors or playwrights or poets, but as men—for where does a man's real personality show itself more clearly than in his club of fellow-craftsmen?—and here literary history and literary anecdote are being made daily for coming generations to read. At the foot of the broad staircase in the hallway, just inside, Thackeray and Dickens made peace after their long quarrel, the author of *Vanity Fair* hurrying after "Boz," who had passed him without speaking. Here, in the dining-room, is Theodore Hook's snug "Temperance Corner," where, out of consideration for his more sedate brothers at adjacent tables, he ordered "a little more toast and water," "a cup of tea," or "another tumbler of this lemonade," and was brought, by the waiters who knew Hook's ordering vocabulary as well as that of the regular list, mulled Burgundy and gin punch in a china bowl that still exists. Here "tobacco pipes made easy," called Hook, and the waiter returned with macaroni, or perhaps he ordered "children's ears done in sawdust," a Hookism for scalloped oysters. Here in the underground billiard room Herbert Spencer is said to have made the much-quoted remark that too great a proficiency at the game was a sign of a misspent youth, although a personal friend of the great scientist told me recently that Mr. Spencer himself denied ever having said anything of the kind.

The Athenæum Club House stands, except for an attic story added five years ago, almost exactly as it was completed in 1830. The sculptured frieze under the balcony, done by John Henning, and mentioned, it may be remembered, by Ruskin, who was a member of the club, in *Fors Clavigera,* was the cause of considerable discussion among the early members when they were planning this house, on what was then part of the courtyard of famous Carlton House. Some members of the club wished an ice-house adjoining the building, and when Mr. Croker, who was its founder and most active member, put this suggestion aside and made them sanction the sculptured frieze, epigram followed almost inevitably.

> I'm John Wilson Croker,
> I do as I please,
> They ask for an ice-house,
> I'll give 'em—a *Frieze.*

Among the original members of the club in 1824, besides Mr. Croker, then Secretary of the Admiralty, and remembered as the editor of *Boswell's Johnson,* were Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Moore and Sir Walter Scott, but from the start its membership has included all classes of distinguished men who have published some professional or literary work, patrons of the arts, leaders in science, members of the Royal Academy, judges and bishops and statesmen. The club was quickly besieged with candidates for membership; in 1835 there were twelve hundred members and for decades new members have been admitted only after a long period of years upon the waiting list. There are more than fifteen hundred names on the waiting list to-day, and since no man can be proposed until he is eighteen years old, and since he nearly always must wait seventeen or eighteen years to be elected, few new members are under forty, and many are very much older.

The most notable things about the club interior, if it is possible to dissociate it from the men for whom it has been and is a background, are its broad spaces, its always significant and beautiful decoration, done in the main under the supervision of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema or by Sir E. J. Poynter, and the luxurious simplicity of each apartment, which, aided by the usually dark colouring, conjures up unaided the spirits of a notable past. Coming in

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past the fluted column of the portico, the visitor is received in a broad hallway. As one enters the club, members are bustling in and out. Occasionally elderly men, many of them with I know not what list of titles and distinctions, greeting each other with genial, almost boyish, humour, and disappearing through one of the many doors that open at right and left, or mounting slowly the stairway, broad enough to accommodate a dozen or more abreast. One perhaps is readily recognised, John Morley, who has recently returned from America. One day four archbishops were seen in this hallway chatting with Cardinal Manning. Theodore Hook's limitless pranks once had to do with a barometer here, which he would make prophesy stormy weather on a perfectly clear day, to the confusion of older members, who would shake their heads and stay indoors for fear of the promised storm.

At the left is the dining-room, the real centre of the club, if we admit that the *raison d'être* of all clubs is eating and drinking. Certainly some of the most pleasant of Athenæum memories are connected with this room. Hook's "Temperance Corner," often the resort of Sydney Smith, Tom Moore and many others, became later "Abraham's Bosom," because of the presence of Abraham Hayward, whom Thackeray once declared he heard tell fifty stories, all new, at a single sitting. In this room ghosts seem to mingle with the actual diners. Here at this same table perhaps is Thackeray, whom all the servants delighted to serve; across by a window Dickens snatches a hasty luncheon; near by is Lord Leighton enjoying his marrow bones and rolled jam pudding; and Darwin dining "like a lord." Then the past vanishes for a moment, and there is Mr. Barrie, silent, shy by nature, speaking to no one, dining alone, but dining well, for even the author of *Little Mary* has to consider the cravings of his "Sentimental Tummy;" and perhaps Conan Doyle or Mr. Kipling, up for the day from his home in the south, while at adjacent tables are Mr. Justice This and the Right Reverend That and the Right Honourable So-and-So, M.P. This is a room of "distinguished dining." Here Charles Kemble, who grew very deaf with the years, shouted private matters to Thackeray in tones that carried to the farthest end of the room. And here Palgrave Simpson and his friend Dr. Cox, having quarrelled, dined at separate tables, the latter, however, gravely compounding the salad for the dramatist, who did not know the secret of his favourite mixture.

Englishmen almost invariably go from a dining-room to a smoking-room for coffee and a cigar. They do not smoke where others are still dining, as we do. And, to note another radical difference between English and American clubs, they pay their reckoning as they would at a restaurant, for they have no cheque system, with its monthly bills. At the Athenæum the cost of the average meal is less than fifty cents, the members dining more cheaply as well as more comfortably here than at restaurants or hotels. There was a time when the feeling of one member that "no gentleman smoked" was in practice true of the club in the use of the club-house. There was at first no smoking-room; later, partly at Thackeray's instigation, a small apartment was put aside at the top of the house. There are now three smoking-rooms in the house. In the crypt, or billiard-room, Sir Francis Palgrave used to come with various doubtful verses for his *Golden Treasury,* and discuss them at length with his friends, and here Abraham Hayward and Anthony Trollope and others played whist.

On the right of the hallway are the morning-room, where Browning read the weeklies of a Saturday afternoon, and the writing-room, from which Dickens wrote his last letter to one of his sons, who was not to receive it until after his father was dead. Upstairs, the immense drawing-room with its cozy corners and its temporary nooks, made

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of grouped chairs, is well filled of an afternoon with men of various achievements, sitting by themselves with book or paper or gathered in quiet conversation. Often there is a place which constant usage has made the recognised property of one man, a place once filled with similar regularity by one who has become only a memory. Here Matthew Arnold in a letter to his mother mentioning Crabbe Robinson wrote: "Not a fortnight ago I found him in this very room where I am now writing, and spoke to him. He asked me which of all my books I should myself name as the one that had got me 'my great reputation,' as he wanted to buy it. I said I had not a 'great reputation,' upon which he answered, 'Then it is some other Matthew Arnold who writes the books.' But the odd thing is this. I told him I would send him my Essays, upon which he replied, 'No, no; I'll buy them; don't throw them away upon an old fellow like me. I shall be dead in a fortnight.' And so he was." Mr. Arnold, who worked in this room often, repeated here a story Mr. Gladstone had just told him. The "grand old man" in his early days once had to make a speech, and he asked Peel if he should be short and concise. "No," said Peel, "be long and diffuse; it's the only style that suits the House of Commons." This room was a favourite with Cardinal Manning, and Thomas Carlyle was occasionally here, and on the day when a ballot is being taken the place is crowded.

Ballot day at the Athenæum is an event with the club members as well as with the men who are elected to membership. Ten boxes usually are prepared, and at six o'clock an assembly gathers to know the result. One black ball in ten throws out a candidate, and the number of votes range between 100 and 340, the highwater mark of Athenæum voting. The late Francis Waugh, whose reminiscences of the Athenæum I have used freely, said that he remembered one aspirant who received ninety-three black balls. There are many stories of Athenæum ballotting. Abraham Hayward's unpopularity helped Costa, the composer, it is said, for when it was found that Hayward was opposed to the musician everybody voted for him. Then there is the much-quoted and greatly misunderstood story of Thackeray's being black-balled and afterward being elected. The misconception is due in the main to Thackeray's own letters. Thackeray was never black-balled at the Athenæum. There is a rule of the club by which annually nine men of "distinguished eminence" may be selected, three at a time, by the unanimous vote of the committee. Their names are not presented to the club in the usual way of election. Efforts were put forth particularly by Croker, Macaulay and Dean Milman among others, to bring in Thackeray in this way. The first time they failed, and it is certain from his letters that the great satirist felt it deeply. The next year, however, in 1851, he was selected as one of the comparatively few who have been chosen by the committee. And although the Garrick was more distinctively Thackeray's club, he was often at the Athenæum, and found there among other fellow-members G. S. Venables (the George Warrington of *Pendennis*), whom he had known as a boy at Charterhouse School, where they had a number of schoolboy battles, in one of which Venables broke Thackeray's nose, and "continued to punch it for several days after in order that it might regain its shape." Among Americans who have been specially elected by the committee are J. L. Motley, W. W. Story, Henry James, Henry White, E. A. Abbey and John S. Sargent, while Professor Brander Matthews successfully passed the ballot ordeal some years ago.

In the silent library, the men lost in the deep recesses of luxurious easy chairs are dwarfed before the towering tiers of books, books everywhere, even counterfeit books on the backs of doors. Here, as elsewhere, is a sense of dignified order and austere primness, and the

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books themselves are a most remarkable collection, "one of the choicest reference collections in England," full of old books, rare books, new books, valuable pamphlets and historical tracts. And here, among other relics, is the caned armchair in which Dickens sat as he wrote in his study at Gad's Hill Place. Here, in one cozy corner, Thackeray worked with the printer's devil metaphorically at his heels, and here Hook, the creditors warded off by the porter at the door below, wrote parts of his novels. Here Macaulay, who sat half surrounded by books on English history, declared his enthusiasm for Richardson's *Clarissa,* and here Bishop Wilberforce wrote his letters or prepared his discourses. The same corner was a favourite resort of Henry Hallam. But the wonder of the room is its books. I think one would go on tiptoe here even if there were no prescribed silence. Upstairs, the cheery new smoking and card-rooms are lined with books. Indeed, it would be as hard to find a room without books in the Athenæum as it would be to find a member without distinction. Most of the famous men of England are either among its membership or among the fifteen hundred waiting to be balloted upon.

There is no sense of irresponsibility about the Athenæum Club, or of spontaneous gaiety; it suggests rather sober dignity, staid propriety, weighty wisdom surrounded by peace and quietude. Irrepressible Theodore Hook characterised it laughingly years ago:

> There's first the Athenæum Club; so wise
> there's not a man of it
> That has not sense enough for six—in fact,
> that is the plan of it.
> The very waiters answer you with eloquence
> Socratical
> And always place the knives and forks in
> order mathematical.

It is a common meeting-place of matured master-minds, and an election to it is not unlike receiving an organised recognition of genius and achievement.

II. THE GARRICK

Many of the older English clubs receive a visitor in a formal way that is new to those used to the free-and-easy customs of American clubs. It is not from any lack of courtesy, for I doubt if courtesy has a better example than in the London clubman at his club. It is a matter of traditional rule. At the Garrick Club, for example, the number of hours each day when members can show to friends the hundreds of interesting features of their comfortable club-house on Garrick Street is very limited. At other times a not particularly attractive room set aside for strangers is all the visitor can enjoy, and he dines and lunches in the seclusion of a vistor's dining-room. And for anyone who has literary curiosity, an occasional hour or two at the Garrick is merely tantalising, so filled is each room with paintings and curios and memories.

The present club-house, not far from Covent Garden and the noisy Strand, is something more than forty years old, and is not far from the site of the old house at number thirty-five, which had once been the home of William Lewis, the comedian, and later "Probatt's Family Hotel," and which became the Garrick club-house at the club's beginning in 1831. The present house, from the moment one passes the dull, unimpressive entrance, is—from the great hall with its changing group of members about the pleasant hearth fire to the plain billiard-room at the top decorated with old prints and comfortable lounges—quiet without being dull, snug without being small, and instinct with good-fellowship. The portraits that line the walls contribute greatly to this genial spirit that pervades the building. It would be difficult, it seems to an outsider, for any man to be unpleasant with many of the pleasantest, wittiest and most sociable men of several centuries visible on every side. After all, the companionship of books is that of a tête-à-tête, while the companionship of portraits is that of a roomful; the former

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more intimate but the latter more sociable. And the Garrick's pictures, with the thousands of memories associated with them, are its glory.

The beginning and the centre of all these pictures is the Charles Matthews collection, all portraits of old-time actors or paintings of scenes from the most notable of the old-time plays, most of them originals, and the comparatively few copies exceedingly good ones. They were brought together originally by the famous actor, who was one of the original members of the club, at Ivy Cottage, and were purchased for the club by Rowland Durrant after the heyday of Matthews's prosperity was passed. It would take months to know adequately the collection and a volume to describe it. Significantly there are a dozen or more of Garrick, and ranged with these are many of the Kembles, of Kean, of Matthews, of Elliston, of Baddeley, of Mrs. Woffington, of Quin and others, besides a host of single portraits and scenes. Here are Nell Gwynn and Mrs. Siddons, Pope, Colley Cibber, Dodd, Quick, and many others of England's favourite actors since the Restoration. And the painters are as interesting as their subjects, for grouped together on the Garrick's walls are Zoffanys, and Clints, and Landseers, and Gainsboroughs, and Lawrences, and Hogarths, and, among the rest, a Sir Joshua Reynolds. Charles Lamb mentioned this Matthews collection in *Elia,* it will be remembered, and Percy Fitzgerald's recently published book about the Garrick Club gives a comparatively full description of the Garrick gallery. Much has been added since the Matthews pictures became the property of the club, ranging from famous paintings to tiny sketches, to say nothing of the many busts—some of them, it is said, by Mrs. Siddons—and the hundreds of curios. But the Garrick Club gallery cannot be even suggested in a paragraph. It must be seen, and then—it must be seen again and many times.

This was Thackeray's club, both in the old house and in the new, and the history of the Garrick is for many years bound up with the biography of the great satirist. Many of his most famous characters have been traced to originals among his club members. F. Bayham, in *The Newcomes,* "a most harbitrary gent," is said to have been Forster, Dickens's biographer. Foker, in *Pendennis,* was probably drawn from an eccentric comedian named Ardeckne, who usually addressed Thackeray as "Thack, my boy." When Irishmen assailed Thackeray for his supposed attack upon Catherine Hayes, the singer, in *Pendennis,* the author wrote from the club a characteristic answer in the story of an Irish duel which was brought about by one participant's declaring that anchovies grew upon trees and a subsequent disagreement over the statement. "Oh, by the powers," cried the man when he had killed his opponent, "I'm all wrong, 'twas capers I meant." Another typical Garrick story of Thackeray is that of his remark to Edmund Yates shortly after leaving the club one day. They passed a fish shop where oysters were displayed in separate tubs, one lot at a shilling and the other at one and three pence a dozen. "How the two must hate each other!" remarked Thackeray.

The mention of Edmund Yates and Thackeray and the Garrick Club suggests naturally their quarrel. Yates, then a young man, and always an indefatigable journalist, described Thackeray, his fellow club-member and friend, with brutal frankness in a weekly paper. "His bearing cold and uninviting; his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his bonhomie is forced; his wit biting; his pride easily touched." This was part of the published description. The rest o fthe story is well known, how Thackeray asked for an explanation, and, receiving none in Yates's short note of reply, complained to the committee, and how the committee decided that Yates must apologise or withdraw from the club; how Dickens and Wilkie Collins and others supported

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Yates at the meeting and were beaten, and how Dickens tried to mediate between the two, a fruitless attempt that only began the long estrangement between the two greater men. Dickens, who had resigned twice from the club previously only to join it again, did not resign at this time, but somewhat later he left the Garrick because it would not elect his helper and friend, W. H. Wills.

At the Garrick Club, also, there are memories in its earlier days of Hook and of his friend Hill, who knew "everything about everybody," and of Barham of *Ingoldsby Legends,* and of Poole of *Paul Pry* fame, whom, in old age, Dickens helped as he did Leigh Hunt and many other impecunious friends. Later came among others Wilkie Collins and the versatile Charles Reade, lawyer, novelist, dramatist, fellow of Oxford and amateur musician, Anthony Trollope, and Bulwer Lytton. Then there were H. J. Byron, the wit, dramatist and actor, and Beazley, the architect of the famous Lyceum, now a music-hall, whose quaint epitaph suggests his life:

> Here lies Sam Beazley,
> Who lived well and died easily.

Here were Price, the American manager, who devised the famous Garrick gin-punch, made of soda, Maraschino, gin, lemon-peel and water, it is said; and Mark Lemon, who was an actor, by report, and a publican, the author of sixty plays, critic, lecturer, and one of the founders and the first editor of *Punch,* with which he began work at a salary of about six dollars a week; and here at the Garrick have been most of the subsequent editors of *Punch* as well.

The Garrick Club was founded with the express object of bringing together on equal terms "actors and men of education and refinement," a phrase that suggests something of the outlawry of the old-time actor. It is not unlike the *raison d'être* in Edwin Booth's mind of the Players in New York, the bringing together of men interested in the drama, music, literature and the arts. Most of the leading English actors are here, men like Sir Squire Bancroft, who has retired from the stage, but not from regular attendance at the Garrick, and Sir Henry Irving, and Sir Charles Wyndham, besides the younger men like Forbes Robertson, George Alexander and many others. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Barrie, Anthony Hope and Kenneth Grahame and Charles Frohman* are names that suggest how the varied and yet allied character of its old-time membership is retained. The club is governed by a committee of three trustees and twenty-four members, six of the latter being elected yearly. This committee elects or rejects the persons proposed for membership, and at such elections at least seven members must be present. Two black balls or three exclude, the number depending upon whether there are more or fewer than twelve committeemen present.

III. THE SAVILE AND THE SAVAGE

One of the quietest and most delightful of the London clubs haunted by literary men at their leisure is the Savile. This club started in Spring Gardens, moved later to Savile Row, and at last found its present home at 107 Piccadilly, a house which, by the way, belonged once to Lord Rothschild, and was his gift to his daughter at the time of her marriage to Lord Rosebery. This house, with its great bow windows looking out upon the kaleidoscopic colour and movement of Piccadilly and the Green Park beyond, is bright and cheery and unpretentious and comfortable. It is, first of all, a home, and this impression, which greets the visitor in the doorway, grows with further acquaintance. This is probably the reason why so little has been written about it, and about its members in connection with it, and why one seldom, if ever, hears its members speak casually of the interesting things that happen and are told within the circle. The privacy of it and the genial welcome it gives to a

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stranger are equally those of a family rather than of a typical club. If you lunch there in the snug dining-room facing Piccadilly you'll find the members in groups, not alone nor in pairs, at the tables. Across from you you recognise in the midst of the chatting, laughing men that surround a large table, the well-known faces of Edmund Gosse and Maurice Hewlett. At your own table are—never mind who, but a most delightful and informal company. And neither here, nor in the free-and-easy smoking-room afterward, nor in any other room in the cozy house, does the icy hand of tradition prod you to a rigid propriety, nor does a sense of oppressive dignity stifle your voice to a whisper. And this is not because there is not tradition here and dignity, but because the spirit of the modern club overrides both. The club motto describes it: *Sodalitas Convivium.*

The Prime Minister* and Lord Kelvin are two of the four trustees, and the committee includes the War Secretary, Knights, Fellows of the Royal Society, a well-known writer or two and one of the most popular singers in England and in America. If you run hurriedly through a list of members, you will find among others Thomas Hardy, who, though not known as a club man, has been a member of the Savile as long as the humble writer of this paper has lived; Egerton Castle, as popular in his club as he is at the bookstalls; Stevenson's friend, Sidney Colvin, who was one of the original members of the Savile; Rider Haggard, who is now investigating the various means of help given to the unemployed in America; Irving, Kipling, and Ian Maclaren, Professor Saintsbury, Professor Ramsay and Professor Osler; Max Beerbohm, who is often here, and Henry Norman, who finds time for his club in spite of his busy life as "editor, member of Parliament and motor enthusiast." Of Americans, the names of G. H. Putnam and Brander Matthews are noticeable at a glance.

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The entrance fee at the Savile is only half the Garrick fee, but the committee at its meeting must be unanimous for each candidate elected. The club's ready hospitality is shown by its method of admitting foreigners as Honorary Members for a month, and for a longer period upon the payment of dues paid by regular members, as well as by the free welcome it gives to the casual visitor.

Adelphi Terrace, looking down from its artificial eminence upon the hazy, smoky Thames between Waterloo Bridge and Hungerford Bridge, is a place of many distinguished memories. Robert Adam built it, and named adjacent streets for himself and his brothers. Below it for a time was a notorious "thieves' kitchen," while the Terrace itself was the home of David Garrick—who called it "Corner Blessing," who set himself up as a wine merchant here because, as Foote remarked slightingly, he had "three quarts of vinegar in the cellar," and who lived a number of years and died at No. 5; and of Isaac Disraeli and his famous son; of Kate Vaughan and of Angelica Kaufman, and of Beauclerc, to whom Dr. Johnson came almost nightly for a time to drink a friendly grog. Here in one of the gaunt old houses, another of which is the home of George Bernard Shaw, dwells the Savage Club. This organisation, like *Punch,* started in a tavern bar. It was in the fifties; the tavern was the White Hart on Catherine Street, Strand, and among the early members were the Broughs, the Mayhews, George Augustus Sala, Planché and Andrew Halliday. It was, in the beginning, something of a return to the older Bohemianism, which was gradually dying out, something of a reaction against the more proper clubs of the newer time.

There's a curse in the phrase, deny it who can?
There's a curse in the phrase—"I'm a gentleman."

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These lines, said to be by one of the Broughs, suggest the feeling of the early Savages, who yearned more for congeniality than for starched propriety. The name came from a collection of weapons and shields given to the club, and the members at the start were, most of them, journalists and playwrights, although at present there are members of all the artistic crafts and professions on the Savage lists. For a time the club journeyed from one tavern to another. There are memories connected with an upper chamber of a hostelry in Vinegar Yard and with the Nell Gwynn among many. It gave amateur shows and held free-and-easy dinners, which suggest the names of Archer and John Oxenford, Tom Hood, W. J. Prowse and George Cruikshank. After a time the present club-house became the "wigwam," and although its earlier Bohemianism has been somewhat sobered down, it retains much of its high spirits and its unforced congeniality.

Saturday nights is the time of times at the Savage. Then after dinner is over, and after the chairman, with three loud blows of a South Sea Island club to call attention, has given permission to smoke, there is always an interesting and impromptu programme of songs and conjuring and jokes and impersonations—and it is, it may be remarked, a habit among Savages never to whisper during a performance. And these Saturday nights bring reminiscences of others, with Toole as the centre of attention, or George Grossmith or Lionel Brough or Lord Alverstone singing "The Lass that Loved a Sailor," or Doctor Nansen dancing his national jig, and many others long ago or only the other night. Then there are the annual dinner and the ladies' dinner. A handful of caricature menus introduce one to dozens of well-known faces, and perhaps side by side are one drawn by Phil May and another, a recent one, done with Stanlow's slender lines.

It was from the Savage that Artemus Ward went out to prove the credulity of the Londoner, and did so by making an astonished waiter and the proprietor and the guests at a restaurant believe that he had eaten the oyster shells as well as the oysters he had ordered. The story of how E. A. Sothern attended the present King's wedding is another of the long line of Savage yarns. "Dundreary," finding a crowd between him and the doorway, bribed a policeman to put handcuffs on him and to drag him through the mass. The plan worked perfectly, except that the policeman forgot to take off the handcuffs, much to Sothern's subsequent discomfort. Some of H. J. Byron's cleverest remarks were made at the Savage, although not in its present rooms, decorated with old photographs and relics and shields and weapons from far-off lands. One night a certain tragedian who was not always successful was trying to show an artist how he wished a poster drawn. "But you know I don't draw well," added the tragedian. "Yes," remarked Byron, standing near by, "that's what the managers say." Some of the best of Byron's wit was often expressed, like Theodore Hook's, in impromptu verses. Later in life he remarked concerning the marriage of a friend named Day to a Miss Week:

> A Week is lost, a Day is gained,
> The loss we'll ne'er complain.
> There'll soon be little Days enough
> To make a Week again.

The real spirit of fellowship that binds together the members of the Savage is shown by the care it takes of members who are "down in their luck." Many a successful benefit has the club arranged for those of its members who, growing old, find that they have no longer a great public waiting for their books or plays or music or acting. The Savage Club Studentship, also, is maintaining regularly a relative of a member at the Royal College of Music. Its general rules of government are not unlike those of other clubs, except that a candidate for membership must first be qualified by the committee, one black

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ball in five excluding, and can then use the club for one month, mingling with the members and being judged by them. At the end of that time his election, conducted similarly to his qualification, is held. A list of writers and actors and artists, well known to the American public and members of the Savage, would be so long as to be tiring. And, after all, the qualification of congenial comradeship seems to be more important at the Adelphi Terrace house than that of great public reputation.

IV. OTHER CLUBS

Up in Bedford Street, Strand, there is a quiet little free-and-easy club, the Yorick, where writers and artists and actors congregate. The inimitable W. W. Jacobs is often there, and G. B. Burgin and Sydney Sime, whose sketches line the walls, and W. Pett Ridge, and Walter Passmore and W. S. Penley of *Charley's Aunt* fame and many more. It has a unique possession in a proprietor who takes away many of the members' difficulties and studies their comforts as the best stewards and supervisors seldom do. Across the way, Henry Norman, M.P., showed me the other day the former rooms of the Greenroom Club, with their handsome oak wainscoting, now Sir Henry Irving's offices,* and those of William Heineman, the publisher. Mr. Norman's private editorial office is the old Greenroom kitchen. The club is now in Leicester Square, with a membership made up in the main of playwrights and actors. Then there is the Authors Club, with many of the most noted writers in England on its general committee, with the unique organisation for a club of a limited liability company, and with a pleasant group of rooms in Whitehall Court for a home. There is the Sesame Club, with a charming clubhouse in Dover Street, and with a mixed membership of ladies and gentlemen interested in literary study, and more particularly in educational work. Here the members meet on Mondays for lectures and discussions, and more practically, along with their social and literary inests, they have opened a House for Home Life Training in St. John's Wood. And there is the Lyceum, the woman's literary club about whose international plans so much has been heard recently. Surely the idea of being a member of many clubs in one is attractive, and for the woman abroad the possibility of finding a club home awaiting her in every large centre of population will take away much of the unpleasantness of travel.

Of literary dining clubs there is no end, and many of them have traditions and striking anecdote and interesting associations in abundance. The Whitefriars Club was started ten years after the Savage, the nucleus being a group of journalists that gathered daily at a restaurant near Fleet Street. It wandered from Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars, to the Mitre Tavern in Fleet Street and elsewhere, but finally more than twenty years ago to Anderton's in Fleet Street, where the present club room faces the narrow "lane of letters," and where the weekly dinners are held. The Whitefriars has retained its character as a dining club, and most of its pleasantest memories are bound up in its Friday night feasts. Looking down the years, we can find William Black celebrating his first real success as a novelist in the little room at Radley's, actors like Barry Sullivan and Wilson Barrett at the Mitre, and writers like Tom Hood the younger and Richard Whiteing, Henty, and many others among the group of hardworking successful editors and leader writers and critics. And we hear stories of Mark Twain's visit before the time of his larger success, and of Joaquin Miller.

Coming to the present, the best idea of the club can be gained at one of the Friday night dinners. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., is the Prior of the evening and Lloyd George, M.P.,* is the chief guest. Across from us at the table Shan Bullock and Stephen Gwynne are

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chatting—the Irish question, probably; not far away is the "F. C. G.," the Nast of present-day English caricature; in another corner is Clement Shorter, and near him Dr. Robertson Nicoll* of the English *Bookman*. G. B. Burgin is here, and Mr. Dent, the publisher, and many others equally well known. They have come direct from their offices, many of them, and there is no formality about any of them. After dinner there are speeches and a general discussion and afterward social chat in the club room—everything very interesting, very unostentatious and very pleasant and everything suggestive of a real brotherhood in the craft. It is a most delightful evening, one that makes an outsider understand the loyalty and enthusiasm of the friars for their order. They have larger dinners than this one, and smoking concerts, and they go on pilgrimages—"beanfests" to the ordinary—to their honorary members, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, or elsewhere in the summer time, but the Friday nights when they dine—as the friars of olden time fasted—are, after all, the central features of the club life. Incidentally, the Whitefriars publish their own little journal, which seems inevitable when one tries to imagine how many volumes of printed matter, if they were gathered together, these one hundred friars write yearly in books and magazines and in newspapers and news weeklies.

There is a pitiful story told of Philip Bourke Marston, the blind writer. One day a particularly good idea came to him, and he sat down to his typewriter with enthusiasm. He wrote rapidly for hours, and had nearly finished the story when a friend came in. "Read that," said Marston proudly, "and tell me what you think of it." The friend stared at the happy author and then at the blank sheets of paper in his hand before he was able to understand the little tragedy. The ribbon had been taken from the typewriter, and Marston's toil was for nothing. He never had the heart to write that story again. It was about Marston that a group of men gathered often at Pagani's restaurant, which served as the beginning of what is now the New Vagabond Club. The New Vagabonds dine together only half a dozen times a year, but they make up for the small number of dinners by the large number of diners and the sumptuousness of the feasts. These dinners are held at the Hotel Cecil, and are attended by the members and their wives or their husbands and their friends. At the most recent dinner, at which Lord Roberts and Marconi were the principal speakers, I noticed many members of other clubs at the crowded tables and among the groups in the reception-room. And this is characteristic, for the New Vagabonds bring together as many workers in the arts and lovers of the arts as it would seem possible to gather at such functions. They are New Vagabonds, for the temperament is still of Vagabondia, although the new with their luxury have swung to the opposite pole from the simplicity of the old.

There are three well-known little dining clubs which group in each case about the personality and the work of old-time writers. The Johnson Club has for many years brought together Johnson scholars and Johnson enthusiasts. An idea of the serious work it does during its social evenings at various Fleet Street taverns can be obtained from the published Johnson Club papers. The Omar Khayyam Club is a dozen years old. Among its early members were Justin Huntley McCarthy, William Watson, Richard Le Gallienne, Augustine Birrell and Edmund Gosse, all devotees of Fitzgerald's poem. Most of its members are men of real literary and artistic achievement, and they look back upon many enjoyable gatherings, including one at which George Meredith and Thomas Hardy made their maiden speeches and Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse contributed poems. In a group of its menu cards, on each of which are an original poem and an

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original drawing by individual members, one can find verses by Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, Grant Allen, Owen Seaman and Sir Frederick Pollock, and drawings by Frank Brangwyn, Alfred East and Soloman J. Soloman, A.R.A., among the number. The "Boz" Club was founded, naturally, it seems, at the Athenæum less than five years ago and at its first dinner the chairman directed affairs from "Boz's" own chair from Gad's Hill, and there were among the diners Dickens's favourite son, two artists who had illustrated *Our Mutual Friend* and *Edwin Drood,* the son of the famous "Buz Fuz," a writer who had written five novels for Dickens's *All The Year Round,* and a number of admirers in the craft of to-day. A glance through "Boz" Club papers finds records of dinners at the Criterion followed by interesting Dickens discussion and anecdote by interesting men of letters; and of tours in Dickens's country by groups of members.

The gamut of literary men's clubs is a long one, for you can find a writer or two in nearly every club in London, at the Reform or at Boodles or at the Army and Navy. But perhaps enough has been said to suggest the heritage which is the possession of the members of the more distinctly literary clubs and to trace something of the surroundings within which that heritage is being added to yearly.

II. NEW YORK'S LITERARY CLUBS

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

Presuming that my dear Bobby would scarcely consider himself to be an accomplished man about town until he had obtained an entrance into a respectable club, I am happy to inform you that you are this day elected a member of the "Polyanthus," having been proposed by my friend, Lord Viscount Colchicum, and seconded by your affectionate uncle. I have settled with Mr. Stiff, the worthy secretary, the preliminary pecuniary arrangements regarding the entrance fee and the first annual subscription —the ensuing payments I shall leave to my worthy nephew. You were elected, sir, with but two black balls; and every other man who was put up for ballot had four, with the exception of Tom Harico, who had more black beans than white. Do not, however, be puffed up by this victory, and fancy yourself more popular than other men. Indeed, I don't mind telling you (but, of course, I do not wish it to go any farther) that Captain Slyboots and I, having suspicions of the meeting, popped a couple of adverse balls into the other candidates' boxes; so that, at least, you should, in case of mishap, not be unaccompanied in ill fortune.— Thackeray's "Mr. Brown the Elder takes Mr. Brown the Younger to a club."

I

I. NEW YORK'S LITERARY CLUBS

The old New Yorker who is conversant with his city's affairs usually contends that club life in New York,—and in this respect club life in New York means club life in the United States,— is a matter of the last thirty or forty years, and fleers at any pretension to American club life of earlier date. In one sense he is right. The club as we know it here is essentially a British institution modelled on British lines. And nowadays a good many Americans are carrying the British idea to the extreme and coming to associate club life first of all with the impressive and well-equipped club-house and the cuisine rivalling in its scope and variety that of one of the great new modern hotels. The New York club on these lines is a matter of recent times. The New York clubman of half a century ago had little magnificence. It was a simpler and more limited hospitality that he had to offer to his friend or to the distinguished stranger. Yet this hospitality must have had its own flavour

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and atmosphere. There must have been something about it that went far to compensate for mere material deficiencies, if we are to credit the verdicts of those who were in a position to compare American club life with club life in England and on the Continent. Thackeray, as fine a judge of the matter as ever strutted through St. James's Park or scowled back at the Barnes Newcomes and Captain Heavysides in the club windows along Pall Mall, spoke and wrote of the Century, of New York, as "the best and most comfortable club in the world." And as Thackeray was not in the least given to flattery or over-effusiveness in his comments on Americans and American institutions, there is no reason to doubt his absolute sincerity.

As one runs over the list of New York clubs one finds that most of them are of comparatively recent date, very few being able to boast a history going back beyond the beginning of the Civil War. Although by virtue of its descent from the Sketch and the Column the Century might lay claim to an earlier origin, actual seniority among the New York clubs belongs to the Union, which was founded in 1836. Eight years later the New York Yacht Club came into existence, and in 1847 the men of the Century gathered for the first time under the name which the club bears to-day. These three organisations may be regarded as the pioneers in three different lines of New York club life. The Union has always stood for a certain social exclusiveness. The majority of its members have behind them their "three generations of oil," and are past middle age. It is the club of older men of social standing and tastes, just as the Knickerbocker is of the younger men. The New York Yacht Club was the first of the many clubs established in the interest of sport, and it has had a fine and interesting history. The Century is the oldest of the clubs based on intellectual achievement, on literature and art. Properly speaking, there are but three or four clubs of importance in New York to-day which come entirely within the scope of "Literary Clubland." These are the Century, the Authors, the Players and the Grolier. Men of letters may be found in the club rolls of other organisations, but the literary atmosphere is confined to these four. The Lotos Club, which in its early days had a decided artistic flavour, still gives dinners to many distinguished foreign authors; but in its membership it demands no qualifications of a specific nature. The Aldine was for years frequented by publishers and authors, and still retains something of a bookish flavour. Very naturally there is a literary element in the University Club, but it is submerged among the variety of other interests and occupations.

II. CLUBS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

Before taking up the clubs which have been named as representing the New York Literary Clubland of to-day, it is worth while saying something of the many ephemeral organisations which have sprung up in the past and lived for a few months or a few years. Long before the Union was established, the first literary club of the metropolis met in the back room of a little publishing house far downtown and discussed books and exchanged anecdotes. The room set apart for the club was known as the Literary Den, and among those who frequented it were William Cullen Bryant, James K. Paulding, Fitz-Greene Halleck, G. C. Verplanck, Chancellor Kent, Mordecai N. Noah, and Colonel William L. Stone. About the same time, under the leadership of the truculent and not always clubable Fenimore Cooper, the Bread and Cheese Club came into existence. It met in the Washington Hotel, at Broadway and Chambers Street. Members were admitted by bread and cheese. If during the voting when a name was up for admission any cheese was found on the plates, the candidate was rejected. A few years later came the Sketch Club. This organisation was the result of the union of the literary and artistic ele-

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ments of New York which, in 1829, were producing an annual called *The Talisman.* Among the writers in the Sketch were Bryant, Verplanck, Robert C. Sands, and a number of other newspaper editors and newspaper writers. Later Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding joined it. There was no regular home, the club meeting at the houses of members in turn. For six months during 1830, it did not exist, having been dissolved in May of that year, and reorganised in December. Thereafter for a few years it met in the Council Room of the National Academy of Design and then returned to the custom of meeting at the houses of the members.

Although, as has been said, the Lotos has long since lost its artistic flavour, in its early years it was much frequented by men of the allied professions. It was established in 1870 by six young newspaper men, and began with ten members. In a few weeks there were forty. The first home of the club was at 2 Irving Place. Its Saturday nights became famous. On these occasions one found there many distinguished artists, actors and writers. Among the men who were entertained by the Lotos in the early days were General Grant, Ferdinand de Lesseps, Edmund Yates, Froude, Tyndall, Lord Houghton, Proctor, Bartholdi, Bayard Taylor, Salvini, Stanley, Von Bülow, Offenbach. A double banquet was given to Gilbert and Sullivan. In the matter of its hospitality the Lotos has not swerved from its old traditions. If its dinners to distinguished men have not actually made history, some of them at least have very effectually mirrored it.

Of the informal literary clubs—the coteries of writers meeting by agreement at some restaurant or other to talk shop and exchange anecdotes—there have been scores. If New York ever possessed a real literary Bohemia it was that of Pfaff's beer garden in a Broadway basement near Bleecker Street. There, at the noon-meal hour and through the evening, until late into the night, gathered the real literary Bohemians of the later fifties. This Bohemia had its king, Henry Clapp, Jr., and its queen, Ada Clare. Mr. Howells, in his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances,* describes his first meeting with Walt Whitman as having taken place in Pfaff's, for the poet was one of the place's most frequent habitués. Others who rallied there were Fitz-James O'Brien, Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly"), Charles F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), Richard Henry Stoddard, Charles F. Brown ("Artemus Ward"), Frank B. Goodrich ("Dick Dinto"), Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), Mortimer M. Thomson ("Doesticks"), Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), and George Arnold. Coming down to more recent times, the names of half a dozen ephemeral organisations of a literary nature suggest themselves. Some of these have been downright humbugs, whose sole reason for existence has been to give an opportunity for the failures in literature and art to meet and pose and exchange insincere expressions of admiration. To this day you will find plenty of coteries of this sort among the table d'hôtes in the neighbourhood of Washington Square. People visit them with the idea that they are seeing a bit of the real literary Bohemia and are immensely impressed by the antics and eccentricities of a type which has been described as "Mickey-Do-Nothing," who wrote a sketch for the *Sun* in 1878.

Of a genuine literary flavour and unconventionality was the Cloister Club of fifteen or twenty years ago, which numbered among its members such men as the late Henry Cuyler Bunner, Edward W. Townsend, the creator of "Chimmie Fadden;" Harry Leon Wilson, who was then known best through

Note.—Again we point out that in reading these papers it must be remembered that they are printed as they were written eleven years ago. Many of the men mentioned have since died, and a number of the Englishmen have received titles.

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his contributions to *Puck,* of which he became editor after the death of Bunner, but who has since achieved a wider reputation as the author of *The Spenders* and *The Seeker;* James L. Ford, Robert W. Chambers, Julian Ralph, Chester A. Lord, Paul Potter, the dramatist; R. K. Munkittrick, George B. Mallon, and the artists L. Dalrymple and Reginald Birch, the latter of Little Lord Fauntleroy fame. The home of the Cloister was in Clinton Place, and the reason of the club's organisation was primarily the desire to continue to enjoy certain extraordinary dishes prepared by one M. Dubois, who had been obliged to give up the Restaurant Dubois in Wooster Street because of the encroachments of a neighbouring factory. The membership of the Cloister was rather less than a hundred, and was drawn almost entirely from men engaged in artistic, literary and newspaper work. The club was not a place for one who took himself overseriously. As in the famous Gridiron Club, there was a freedom and frankness of personal comment that made the first requisite of a member a sense of humour sufficient to enable him to enjoy a joke, even if it were at his own expense. Between the hours of 5.30 and 8.30 members enjoyed the privilege of bringing women guests to dine, although this privilege was guarded jealously by the Board of Abbots. So much care was taken in the selection of club members that the privilege was never abused. The club also gave a number of formal dinners, at which were heard some of the most entertaining after-dinner speakers of New York.

In the point of distinguished membership, there are a very few organisations in the Old World or the New that can compare with the Kinsman, an international literary club which grew out of a dinner in Delmonico's in 1882. The six men who sat down at the table on that occasion were Edwin A. Abbey, Laurence Hutton, William M. Laffan, Brander Matthews, Frank D. Millet and Lawrence Barrett. Barrett and Hutton have since died. The following year the club met at a dinner in London, and a number of new members, English and American, were elected. These were Joseph W. Comyns Carr, Samuel L. Clemens, Austin Dobson, Charles Fairchild, Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund Gosse, Julian Hawthorne, Sir Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, Andrew Lang, Alfred Parsons, Linley Sanbourne, H. C. Bunner, Randolph Caldecott, Clarence King, George Parsons Lathrop, James R. Osgood and Elihu Vedder. In 1884, the Kinsman dinner was again given in New York. Of recent years, however, this club has been becoming more and more an English institution. In London, the meetings have been kept up regularly, while in New York there has been no dinner since that of 1894. In the roll of the Kinsman are found the American Ambassador (*ex-officio*), Thomas Bailey Aldrich,* Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Moberley Bell, editor of the London *Times,* Sir Francis C. Burnand, editor of *Punch,* John Drew, John and Gilbert Hare, Anthony Hope Hawkins, the Hon. John Hay, William Dean Howells, Henry James, Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Norman Lockyer, Captain Robert Marshall, Thomas Nelson Page, Sir Gilbert Parker, A. W. Pinero, John S. Sargent, Augustus St. Gaudens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Beerbohm-Tree, Stanford White and Francis Wilson. Among the dead Kinsmen were the Hon. T. F. Bayard, William Black, Edwin Booth, Harold Frederic, Bret Harte, George du Maurier, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Charles Dudley Warner.

In a magazine article published a few months ago Mr. George B. Mallon recalled vividly the ways of the Tenderloin Club, which was organised about fifteen years ago in a wooden building opposite the Thirtieth Street police station, and which numbered among its members many artists and men of letters. The Tenderloin resembled the Cloister in that the first qualification for membership was that a candidate

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"should not be stuck on himself." To a certain extent the Tenderloin was avowedly "queer." At any moment something unexpected and interesting might happen and consequently many men wished to join. Its membership included the Mayor, the Collector of the Port of New York, Inspector Byrnes, the captain of the Thirtieth Street precinct, members of such clubs as the Century, Lotos, Union, Union League and Calumet, and a number of actors, artists and newspaper men. Leaving its first home, the Tenderloin went into a house on West Thirty-second Street. Before the club took formal possession of its new home, that home had been turned over to half a dozen artist members to decorate in the most eccentric fashion that their imaginations could suggest. Until the opening night none of the other members were allowed to cross its threshold. Then it was seen that the artists had covered the walls of the main rooms with fresh plaster, in which before it hardened had been set some of the most extraordinary articles ever used for decorative purposes. They ranged from policemen's night sticks, weapons that had been used in celebrated murder cases, and counterfeit coins, to Carmencita's dancing slippers and the slipper worn by Pauline Markham on her first appearance in this country with the original "Black Crook" company. The appearance of these main rooms was typical of the entire club-house. The setting was an appropriate one for the series of freak entertainments which followed. The Tenderloin Club soon became known throughout the entire country. But this fame proved its undoing. New members were taken in indiscriminately, the sturdier element of its membership lost interest, and as a result the club soon collapsed.

III. THE CENTURY

By virtue of the dignity of its traditions and of its fifty-eight years of existence, the Century claims one's first attention among American literary clubs. Compared with London's literary clubland, our own clubs inevitably lack associations. Englishmen can hark back to the taverns frequented by the denizens of Grub Street, the inns where Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith regaled themselves, and find a connecting link between these places and the famous clubs of the present day. As Mr. Goodrich has pointed out, the literary memories of such clubs as the Athenæum, the Garrick, the Savile, the Savage and the Whitefriars reach back for nearly a century—a century stretching from Gibbon and Byron to Meredith and Kipling, and with the splendour of the Victorian Age between. This was Charles Dickens's favourite chair. At this table Thackeray was wont to pen in that beautiful fine hand of his his monthly Roundabout Paper for *Frazer's Magazine.* In this corner of the library Macaulay spent hours poring over volumes of English history. This room or that is hallowed by memories of Tom Moore, of Trollope, of Matthew Arnold, or Browning or Thomas Carlyle.

Among American clubs, the Century alone can claim any such atmosphere of the past. It alone has a history. Years before the Authors or the Players was thought of, the Century was bringing together the leading men of letters and of art of New York. Yet somehow the Century of early times impresses the newer generation as having been tremendously portentous and dignified. There was plenty of good fellowship and good cheer, no doubt, but also the chill of a certain reserve. The talk of the Centurions seems to have been essentially serious—men expressing themselves not lightly, but judicially and after long deliberation; Mr. Bryant gravely conceding the right of Pope or Dryden or Watts, according to the subject of discussion, to be ranked as a poet, or denying the same, while members of lesser note sat about listening and nodding respectable reticence. Such, at least, is the popular impression among those who never had any personal experience of the old club. Perhaps there

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are those who take seriously the traditional joke at the expense of the Century, to the effect that this club is called the "Century" because no one is eligible for admission until he is a hundred years old!

Early in the last century some of the scholars and wits of New York, among them G. C. Verplanck, William Cullen Bryant and Robert C. Sands, and later Washington Irving and J. K. Paulding, in combination with some of the younger members of the American Academy of Art, published an annual entitled *The Talisman,* patterned after those English annuals to which we were told that Thackeray's Arthur Pendennis sold his early literary wares. Out of the work on the *Talisman* there grew the project of a social club, which in 1829 took shape and name as the Sketch Club, which met sometimes in the Council Room of the National Academy of Design, but oftener in the houses of members. Four years earlier a society called the Column had been established by graduates of Columbia College. Out of these two organisations grew the Century, which was founded on the evening of the 13th of January, 1847. The original Centurions were forty-two in number, of which twenty-five came from the Sketch and six from the Column. There were ten artists, ten merchants, four authors, three bankers, three physicians, two clergymen, two lawyers, one editor, one diplomat and three men of leisure, and they were all more or less representative men at a time when New York was a growing city of six hundred thousand inhabitants. Gulian C. Verplanck was the Century's first president, and back in his day began the club's peculiar Twelfth Night Festival, which has been continued ever since. The Century's Twelfth Night is distinctive in that it is not an annual event or an event of any given year. This very uncertainty has added to the zest of the revel, which usually ends with an old-fashioned Virginia Reel. At the last Twelfth Night a number of years ago the reel was led by Theodore Roosevelt and Joseph H. Choate.

The first home of the Century, which it occupied for two years, was in rooms at 495 Broadway, between Broome and Spring Streets. During this period a journal called *The Century* was started and edited by F. S. Cozens and John H. Gourley. From Broadway, the club, in 1848, moved to 435 Broome Street. In 1850, it went to 575 Broadway; in 1852, to Clinton Place, where it remained until it went into the Fifteenth Street home, which it occupied for so many years. Verplanck's presidency over the club lasted until the early six-

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The reader may perhaps have some interest in knowing how English literary clubs and American literary clubs compare in the matter of expense in membership. Of course it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of what a man's club expenses would be, either in New York or in London, if one were to go into all expenditures for house accounts and for various subscriptions. The following list, however, will show how the matter stands in regard to entrance fees and annual dues.

LONDON

	Entrance Fee	Annual Dues
Athenæum	30 guineas	8 guineas
Garrick	20 "	10 "
Savile	10 "	6 "
Savage	5 "	5 "
Whitefriars (Dining Clubs)	1 "	Members pay for dinners individually
New Vagabonds (Dining Clubs)	1 "	Members pay for dinners individually
Yorick	2 "	2 guineas
Green Room	6 "	5 "
Authors	4 "	5, 3 and 2 "
Lyceum	1 "	3 and 2 "

The dues of clubs like "Boz," Omar Khayyám, etc., are merely nominal.

NEW YORK

	Entrance Fee	Annual Dues
Century	$150.00	$60.00
Players	100.00	50.00
Authors	25.00	20.00
University	200.00	75.00
Grolier	100.00	30.00
Lotos	100.00	75.00

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ties, when it was shattered by dissensions growing out of the War of Secession. Verplanck may be said to have invited the divisions which crept into the club and which led to his overwhelming defeat in the election of 1864. His successor in the presidency was the historian Bancroft, who ruled the club until 1868, when he gave up his office on the occasion of his entering the public service as our Minister to Berlin. After Bancroft came Bryant, who held the office until his death, but who, averse to crowds, was seldom seen at the club except in official meetings. An enthusiastic Centurion, writing of the club at the time of Bryant's death, in 1878, when it had been in existence thirty-one years, speaks of it as having drawn together the choicest spirits of that generation of New Yorkers. "Without formality or design, it had become an institute of mutual enlightenment among men knowing the worth of one another's work, likened by Bellows, more than half seriously, to the French Academy. A sure result of this communion was absolute equality among those who shared it. No true Centurion ever assumed anything, each standing in his real place. The atmosphere killed pretension and stifled shams. The pedant or the conceited person silently drifted away. How could it be otherwise, while a famous painter was describing some scene, or a noted philosopher illustrating some theory, or an acute statesman drawing some historical parallel, than that the egotist should drop himself and the proser forget to prose?"

That this high opinion of the club was shared by a Centurion who knew it in much later years is evident to all who read Paul Leicester Ford's *The Story of an Untold Love* and recognise the Century under the name of the Philomathean. According to the hero of that story, the Philomathean was the one club where charlatanry and dishonesty must fail, however it succeeded with the world, and where the poorest man stood on a par with the wealthiest.

Bryant remained president of the Century until his death, in 1878. The fourth president was Daniel Huntington, who held the office until 1895, when he was succeeded by Bishop Potter, the present president.* It was toward the end of the Huntington régime that the club left its Fifteenth Street home and entered the impressive building on Forty-third Street, which it occupies to-day. The club-house is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, one hundred feet square and three stories in height. The first impression of the visiting stranger is that comfort has been sacrificed to magnificence; maturer judgment shows that it has simply been concealed by it. From the ground floor, which is given to offices, strangers' rooms, and a fine picture gallery, a broad staircase leads up to the second floor, which is divided into great halls for meetings and conversation. On the third floor of the library, which is among the finest club libraries in the United States, are the dining and smoking rooms. It has been said that no man should join the Century until he has passed his thirty-fifth year, and certainly beyond that limit there are very few eminent men of letters whose names are not to be found on its rolls. Among the non-resident members are Rudyard Kipling and Sir Gilbert Parker. American literature is represented by such men as William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman. James Lane Allen, Winston Churchill, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry van Dyke, Brander Matthews, Moncure D. Conway, Richard Watson Gilder, Thomas Nelson Page, John Hay, F. Hopkinson Smith, Captain Mahan, Thomas Janvier, and many others.* Every club has its individual customs and its unwritten laws. One of these of the Century is that no member propose anyone for membership until he himself has been in the club for five years. A member may take to the club only one guest at a time and he is not supposed to entertain the same guest there oftener than once a year. If he

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desires to introduce several friends, he must "borrow the names" of an equal number of other members. The Century is one of the few clubs which has no "Ladies' Days," the only time when women guests were admitted beyond the picture gallery being on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the club's existence. But the guest under any conditions is seldom fortunate enough to catch the real spirit of the club—the spirit which is reflected in the talk at the long table in the centre of the Grill Room at the noon or evening meal. There the Centurions are at their best and the conversation at times may be, with perfect conservatism, called brilliant. This was especially so when the talk was led by the late Clarence King, whose comment on the club that it contained "the ragtag and bob-tail of all that was best in the country" will be remembered and repeated so long as the Century shall exist.

IV. THE GROLIER

The Grolier is the club of the bibliophile. Whatever his tastes may be elsewhere, within the club-house a member is supposed to regard a book not in the light of literature, but as a work of art—a concrete thing representing the labour of the illustrator, the papermaker, the engraver, the printer, and the binder, and in which the author is of minor moment. The Grolier is named in honour of Jean Grolier de Servier, Vicomte d'Aguisy, Treasurer-General of France, Ambassador to the Court of Rome, than whom no more interesting and brilliant figure is to be found in the history of bookmaking. Born in 1476, at Lyons, Grolier was introduced at an early age to the French Court, where he soon became celebrated for his learning and for his talents as a financier. His life was a distinguished one in many ways and the greater part of his later years was given to his passion for book collecting. He died in 1565, at the age of eighty-six, but his library remained intact for one hundred and ten years after his death. To-day to possess books bound by Grolier is considered an honour to the richest public libraries, and the prices which these volumes command at the public sales of Paris are constantly on the increase. Grolier, to quote from an account which explains the purpose of the club bearing his name, "gave to the book, in its most sumptuous form, a lofty and lasting position in the world of letters. To posterity he represents the spirit of the Renaissance, in all its proud, splendid materialism. His personality stands out in bold relief among the many significant figures of sixteenth-century France and Italy, presenting a long, busy and useful life; the life of a cultivated gentleman, the influence of which is still felt after the lapse of three centuries and has reached the New World."

The Grolier Club had its inception at an informal meeting at the house of Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr., on the evening of the 23d of January, 1884. There were present Messrs. William Loring Andrews, Theodore L. DeVinne, A. W. Drake, Albert Gallup, Robert Hoe, Jr., Brayton Ives, Samuel W. Martin, Edward S. Mead, and Arthur B. Turnure, all keen lovers of books, bookmakers by trade or bookmakers by taste. These men gathered together for the purpose of forming a club which would bring together all who were interested in the art of bookmaking and thereby stimulate a love of these arts throughout the United States. At the second meeting, held in February, a constitution was adopted, Mr. Robert Hoe was elected president, and Mr. Ives, vice-president. Two weeks later a club device, including the arms of Grolier, was provided, and early in April the club was installed in its first home in rooms at 64 Madison Avenue.

Mr. Brander Matthews, in an article about the Grolier, held it was unique, saying that he could find neither in France nor England an organisation exactly equivalent to the New York club. In London the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and in Paris the Société des Amis des Livres were representative of sim-

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ilar interests, but neither of these societies aimed at the double function of uniting book lovers and bookmakers and of gratifying the needs and wishes of both classes of its members by collecting and exhibiting the best works of the great artists of the past and by producing new books which may serve as types of the best that modern skill and taste may do.

The history of the Grolier Club has been to a large extent the history of its publications and its exhibitions. The social side is not neglected. One night a week, known as "Whist Night," has been a feature since the early days, when the club was in its first home. When the present house, at No. 29 East Thirty-second Street, was occupied "Whist Night" became a more permanent function, and now the House Committee provides a supper for those who are present whether or not they participate in the weekly game. The publications of the Grolier Club, as enumerated in the three volumes of Transactions, form an impressive list. At the time that the third volume of Transactions appeared, in 1899, they numbered thirty-two. The first publication was a reprint of "A Decree of Starre-Chamber," which was originally issued in 1637. The second publication was a reprint of Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam." With the third publication the Grolier happily hit upon an American book, choosing Washington Irving's *History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,* and in this work produced a volume which has a place among the very greatest examples of bookmaking. Thus at the beginning the Grolier set the standard which has ever since been maintained. The work which the club has now in hand is the forty-fifth in its list. It is *A Catalogue of Original and Early Editions of Some of the Poetical and Prose Works of English writers from Wither to Prior.* At the beginning, the membership of the Grolier Club was limited to one hundred, but early in its history it was enlarged, and its rolls now contain several times that number of names.

V

There is a story of a man who had been elected to membership in one of those English clubs where a candidate's name is put up by his sponsors about the time he is being chivied about the cricket fields of Eton or Harrow or Rugby, and where, if he is thoroughly respectable, desirable and fortunate, he attains membership when he is just about entering into middle life. This Englishman had passed four or five years of his waiting ranching in a Western State, and had absorbed some American ideas. Day after day, after qualifying as a member, he went to his club, breakfasting and dining, reading the newspapers and writing his letters and maintaining the solitary aloofness that he observed in every one about him. After two or three weeks this began to pall, and finally, moved by a spirit of unconventionality that he had brought back from the Western Hemisphere, he went over to a little middle-aged gentleman at a nearby table, introduced himself as a new member, and said he was anxious to have pointed out to him some of the features for which the club was noted. The look of dismay which at first overspread the little man's countenance changed to one of infinite relief. He sprang to his feet and grasped the other warmly by the hand. "Thank you, my dear sir, thank you," he said. "I have been a member here for sixteen years, and you are the first man with whom I have ever exchanged a word." And the two straightway became lifelong friends.

Now, English club men will characterise this as an exaggeration, which of course it is, but as with the hackneyed theory of an Englishman's inability to see a joke, there is a very substantial point at which the exaggeration began. There are American clubs where an air of reserve is to be found, where to speak

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to a fellow member to whom one has not formally been introduced is considered bad form and lack of decorum, but they hardly come within the domain of Literary Clubland. It is not that an Englishman is lacking in respect for his club, or places a lower estimate on the qualifications it demands. It is a natural difference which prevents, not the feeling, but the expression of that feeling, which leads the Centurion or the Player or the Author to make himself immediately at home with a fellow Author, Player or Centurion, on the general grounds that being in the club is in itself a sufficient guarantee of reputability and good fellowship. This is said without any desire of painting the subject *coleur de rose.* Every newcomer cannot be welcome to all, and in no club would it be very difficult to overhear such comment as "Dash it! There's Blank. How in thunder did he get in here? Only wish I had been on the membership committee," etc., etc.

For reasons that must be quite obvious, the most interesting paragraph of this article cannot be written, or at least it must be a paragraph which does not go beyond evasive suggestion. The great names that are accepted cause little comment; it is the great names that are rejected that lead men to sit about and whisper and nod their heads. Whether Thackeray was or was not pilled at the Athenæum, the very story will link his name with the club so long as the club and the fame of *Esmond* shall endure. Forty or fifty years hence, with perfect good taste, and entirely as a matter of history, the biographer or the chronicler of small anecdotes may record how on two separate occasions a certain great man, "the very greatest name in English literature at the beginning of the twentieth century," may be the words of the scribe of the future, came up for membership at one of the clubs with which this paper has to deal, and was as often "withdrawn." How at another organisation of New York Literary Clubland the candidacy of a man whose name is as widely known as that of the President of the United States met with like ill-fortune, and that the records of these clubs and others contain some stories of unexpected reverses that would make queer and interesting reading. Nor is this Chronique Scandaleuse of literary clubland confined to the record of rejections. Every club may be said to have more or less its Skeleton Closet, its *jardin secret,* its little budget of stories of unfortunate happenings, of mortifications, of "bad breaks," which are passed about from member to member, but which, according to the first and greatest law of Clubland, must never be taken beyond the club's threshold.

GOOD FRENDE FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE FORBEARE
TO UTTER WHAT IS GOSSIPT HEARE
IN SOCIAL CHATT LEST, UNAWARES,
THY TONGE OFFENDE THY FELLOW PLAIERS.

VI. THE AUTHORS

Any story told at the expense of a club, no matter in what spirit of lightness or flippancy it may have originated, refuses to down. They tell of a stranger who was taken to the Authors one Thursday evening when twenty or thirty members were gathered together in the usual informal Fortnightly way. For a time he sat silent, deep in meditation; then turned to his host. "So this is the Authors Club," he remarked. "This is the Authors Club," nodded the other. The stranger relapsed again into silence, then a moment later leaned over and whispered, "Say, where are the authors?" Late one night a member of the club picked up his churchwarden, lighted a fresh Charge and with a sigh of satisfaction said, "This is the time the Authors Club begins to be amusing; all the authors have gone home." For the narrator these tales are good enough as they stand. He does not see fit to point out that the joke of the first was on the literary deficiencies of the stranger, or to explain that the facetious

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member had not the slightest intention of casting a slur on any of his fellows, but was simply pondering thirstily over certain delectable Hot Scotches which are wont to appear in the small hours of the morning when only five or six of the faithful remain.

Despite such yarns, the Authors, with its limited membership of less than two hundred, is pre-eminently the literary club of New York. In the Century and the Players there are strong literary elements, but their members are first of all Players or Centurions, and afterward men of letters or painters or architects or lawyers or bishops. The constitution of the Authors demands that a candidate for admission must have had published at least one book pertaining to literature, and although in a great many instances men have qualified for membership on books that have failed to create any marked stir in the world, the intention is there, and the bars are never let down. At a reception given two or three years ago to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the guest of the evening alluded to his ordeal when he was a candidate for membership by saying that he "had got in the club by proving that, although he was a very rich man, he was a very poor author." As a matter of fact, when Mr. Carnegie's name came up in 1886, his credentials were very carefully examined. In view of the conspicuousness of his great wealth, it was little wonder that the committee on membership overlooked for the moment his authorship of such books as *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain, Round the World,* and *Triumphant Democracy*. In many practical ways Mr. Carnegie has shown his appreciation of being one of the literary guild. From him came what is known as the Authors Club Fund, a sum of money at first amounting to ten thousand dollars, but now twenty thousand dollars, the interest of which is devoted to assisting men of letters, whether they be members of the club or not, who have come upon evil days.

Although from early autumn until the beginning of the summer the club rooms on the ninth floor of the Carnegie Building at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street are always open to members and their guests, one seldom finds them used to any extent save at the informal Fortnightlies and the formal receptions. Every other Thursday evening the club serves a dinner, to which each member may bring one or two guests. As one who had known Grub Street in his time once remarked to a fellow Scribe, "Join the Authors. No man of letters can afford to hesitate about it. Think of the prestige. Think of the associations. And above all, my friend, remember that in addition to all this it means to the poor, struggling writer one sure square meal every two weeks. Join, my friend, join." Far more than the receptions, of which two or three are given each year, these informal Fortnightlies bewray the spirit of the club. These meetings are seldom crowded. The average member attends perhaps three or four during the entire season. The result is that at no one meeting are there gathered more than thirty or forty, and those present are able to squeeze in round the long table which runs the length of the dining-room. Here, quite informally, a member will bring some distinguished foreign guest—a prominent French journalist or lecturer, an English critic, a German scientist or an Italian diplomat. It was at one of these evenings that there took place the dialogue between Rudyard Kipling and Frank R. Stockton, à propos of "The Lady and the Tiger," the story of which has been told before in THE BOOKMAN.* The few hours passed at one

*Speaking of Mr. Frank Stockton reminds us of a little tilt that we once overheard between him and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The two gentlemen met at the Authors Club, and after some preliminary conversation Mr. Stockton said:

"By the way, Kipling, I'm thinking of going over to India some day myself."

"Do so, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. "Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we will

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of these Fortnightlies furnished Max O'Rell with one of the most entertaining chapters of *Brother Jonathan and His Continent.*

It is well toward nine o'clock on one of these evenings before the first two or three drift in, but half an hour later one entering will hear the buzz of talk broken by an occasional peal of laughter and find the air thick with the smoke of cigars or of the long churchwardens. There is no fixed code as to dress. If convenient, a man will don the conventional dinner coat; if not, he will come in the attire in which the day's work has been done. The talk is about books, for shop talk will always be the best of talk, but little more here than elsewhere, and if you stumble upon a little group of three or four gathered together you will as likely as not find that they are chuckling over a fat story like the authors of whom Washington Irving wrote, or discussing the different makes of automobiles, the chances of next Saturday's big football game at New Haven or the latest popular comic opera. This does not imply that serious talk as well is not to be heard. There is plenty of that. Only a man may readily find the topic of conversation that is best suited to his mood.

The formal receptions of the Authors Club are given only to men who are themselves members, and among those who have been honoured in this way during the last few years have been Andrew Carnegie, Edward Eggleston, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Frank R. Stockton, Parke Godwin, Richard Henry Stoddard, former Mayor Seth Low and M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador. In place of the thirty or forty lounging about in little groups, one of these receptions generally means a gathering of from one hundred to two hundred members and guests. The proceedings of the evening are for the greater part formal and prearranged. Speeches by various prominent members and by the guest of honour, after which there is a supper, and then, as some of the visitors begin to take their departure, the crowd thins out, and the atmosphere takes on something of the less ceremonious spirit of the regular Fortnightly.

But the cherished night to the Authors is Watch Night, when the members gather to see out the old year. A programme, generally of a semi-humourous nature, including a debate on some such subject as "Has a Publisher any Rights which the Author is bound to Respect?" or "The Blunders of Fame" is planned. At the stroke of midnight the lights are turned down and all join in singing "Auld Lang Syne," after which the lights go up again, and the tune is changed to "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Organised in the autumn of 1882, by Noah Brooks, Edward Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, Laurence Hutton, Charles de Kay, Brander Matthews and Edmund Clarence Stedman, the club first was in the habit of meeting at a restaurant in Lafayette Place. In addition to the organisers, the founders of the club included Henry M. Alden, H. H. Boyesen, George William Curtis, George Cary Eggleston, Edwin Lawrence Godkin, Parke Godwin, Bronson Howard, Charlton T. Lewis, J. M. Libbey, Hamilton W. Mabie, William S. Mayo, Allen Thorndyke Rice, Richard

do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back and have one of the very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forefoot directly over your head. Then I'll say in my most insinuating tones, 'Come now, Stockton, which was it—the Lady or the Tiger?' What would you do then?'"

"Oh, well, that's easy enough. I should tell you a lie."

"Thanks, awfully! That's just as good as the truth, now that you've told me that it's to be a lie. If you say 'the Tiger' I'll know it was the Lady; and if you say 'the Lady' I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!"

Then both of them drifted away from the interested group, and were presently observed to be standing in the immediate vicinity of a large china bowl with something pink in it.

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Grant White and Edward L. Youmans. The first regular home of the Authors was in rooms over the Fencers' Club, and it was not until after more than a decade of existence that it found its present home in the pleasant rooms of the Carnegie Building. To north and west and south these rooms command a wonderful view—sweeping the city, the river and the Jersey hills. Within, the effect is singularly soft and harmonious—the great open fireplaces, the long lounges, the comfortable arm-chairs. The walls are hung with rare prints, with the original manuscripts of famous poems, with autograph letters of the mighty dead, with etchings and paintings. Here is a quaint coloured engraving, signed George Cruikshank, showing Christian passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and beset by all its horrors. A few feet farther along one can dimly make out the distorted figures of horses and riders to be the procession of the Canterbury Pilgrims. Across the room you are carried back to the grievous memories of London's old Grub Street by a print in which the poor, scared, emaciated, ragged Scribe is cringing before his sleek, fat, and arrogant patron and master, the publisher. One evening, a few years ago, a certain member of the House of Harper was noticed standing before this print, studying it intently. Finally he was heard to mutter, "Outrageous! Perfectly outrageous!" "What is outrageous?" some one asked. "Why," replied Mr. Harper, pretending to misunderstand the purport of the print and not at all ill pleased at the opportunity of getting in his thrust at what he regarded as the reversed conditions of the present day, "just see how shamefully that bloated author is bullying the poor publisher."

Within the scope of such an article as this it would be impossible to give any adequate idea of the treasured possessions of the club on the walls and in the bookcases. An important addition to the collection was acquired two years ago, at the death of Richard Henry Stoddard, who bequeathed a vast amount of valuable material to the Authors. This bequest constitutes the fourth of the four libraries. The first library is made up of books written by members of the club; the second is a reference library, and the third a library of literary biography.

Despite the very vigorous part played by women in American literary endeavour of recent years, it was only through the Honorary Roll that a woman could ever claim the privileges of the Authors Club. According to the constitution, but one American Honorary Member may be elected each year, and in 1887 the name selected was that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Since the organisation of the club in 1882 there have been chosen but seventeen Honorary Members. Among these, three eminent foreigners who have since died were Robert Louis Stevenson, Matthew Arnold and Alphonse Daudet. At present there are but seven names upon the Honorary Roll—those of James Bryce, D. G. Mitchell, John Morley, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Goldwin Smith, Jean Jules Jusserand, the French Ambassador, and Maarten Maartens. When, in the spring of 1895, the name of J. M. M. van der Poortch Schwartz—this being the real name of the distinguished Dutch novelist—was brought up for election, there were some gasps of amazement. The late "Bill" Nye brought in a suggestion that the membership committee act on the first half of the name at once, but hold over the last half until the autumn, when the weather would be cool.

VII. THE PLAYERS

In the Century, the literary atmosphere and membership has been an inevitable development in a club begun as an artists' club. That of the Players has been a like natural growth in an organisation founded originally in the interest and honour of the dramatic profession. As Mr. Story's lines go:

All arts are one—all branches on one tree—
All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.

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In fact, there are times in the day of the Players where the profession of the founder is almost entirely obscured by other professions and interests. There is a story to the effect that a number of New York clubmen, sitting about a table one afternoon, began to discuss at what club they should dine. They finally decided on the Players, because, as one of them expressed it, they would not be likely to meet any of those "dashed actors there." But this tale, like the similar one at the expense of the Authors, it must be said, was conceived and repeated in a spirit of gross exaggeration.

The constitution of the club limits its membership to those who are connected with the dramatic profession or with the professions of literature, painting, architecture, sculpture, or music, or to patrons of the arts. The last clause is an elastic one. By virtue of it the governors may pass favourably on the nomination of any one, whatever his calling may be, whom they deem to have the making of a desirable Player. The result of this has been that twenty-five or thirty per cent. of the club membership at the present time is made up outside of the allied professions—lawyers, physicians, business men and several clergymen, for since the time when the Rev. Dr. Houghton of the "Little Church Around the Corner" became chaplain in ordinary to the profession, the cloth has been exceedingly popular in the little brown club-house of Gramercy Park. Against but one profession is there any settled discrimination. An unwritten law holds as ineligible the dramatic critic, for there is a feeling that his presence would necessarily be incompatible with perfect harmony. This law was tested in a peculiar way a few years ago. Before that occasion it had been simply a question of keeping the dramatic critic out of the club, a very simple matter, for the unwritten law was generally understood, and nobody could well be guilty of the *faux pas* of nominating or seconding a man of that profession for membership. But the case in question had to do with a well-known magazine writer, who had been a member for some years before he turned his hand to dramatic criticism. He was a good Player and a good all-around man, generally liked and esteemed. Yet there could be no exception made. He knew that the thing to do was to offer his resignation. He did so, and it was very promptly accepted.

Occasionally the Century is spoken of as bearing in a general way a resemblance to the London Athenæum. Much more felicitously the Players may be likened to the Garrick—that Garrick which Thackeray loved so well. Many an Englishman visiting New York and spending an evening in the hospitable depths of the club-house facing Gramercy Park has commented on the similarity of atmosphere and environment. Many an American Player visiting the older London club for the first time has received the same impression. But the history of the Players has happily been free from a scandal which grew out of the squabble between Thackeray and Edmund Yates; and without churlishness, it may be added that the hospitality of the Players has never been limited to certain hours of the day and to certain parts of the club-house.

Unlike the other New York clubs with which these papers have to do, the Players, since its foundation, has had but one home—the house bequeathed to it by Edwin Booth. Although for years Mr. Booth had had the club in mind, it was not definitely planned until the summer of 1887, when Mr. Booth, in company with Lawrence Barrett, Laurence Hutton, William Bispham, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a guest of Mr. E. C. Benedict on the latter's steam yacht *Oneida*. The name "The Players" was the suggestion of Mr. Aldrich. The club took definite form the following year. In January, 1888, at a breakfast given by Augustin Daly, Messrs. Lawrence Barrett, William Bispham, Edwin Booth, S. L. Clemens, Augustin Daly, Joseph F. Daly, John Drew, Henry Edwards, Laurence Hut-

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ton, Joseph Jefferson, John A. Lane, James Lewis, Brander Matthews, S. H. Olin, A. M. Palmer and William Tecumseh Sherman resolved to incorporate themselves into a club, the name of which should be the Players. Before another year had gone around the Players, of which the membership had reached one hundred, was in full possession of its own home, Mr. Booth making over the club-house by deed of gift at the moment the ringing of bells and the tooting of horns began sounding the arrival of the year 1889. Mr. Booth's generosity has been one of the greatest factors in the subsequent success of the club. With its handsome club-house, thoroughly equipped and filled with artistic treasures, it began at a point at which few clubs arrive until after years of endeavour and struggle, a point at which most clubs never arrive at all. It entered the struggle full armed and free from the irritations and exactions which beset an organisation straining every nerve to provide for itself to fight debts and deficiencies and to sustain an adequate home.

One of the most valuable of the Players' many valuable possessions is its collection of pictures. "There is a book in that collection—the pictures of the Players," said Mr. Brander Matthews to the writer a little while ago, and this is so true that any attempt to do more than mention three or four here would lead to hopeless entanglement. Sentiment naturally gives first place to the full-length portrait of Mr. Booth, by Sargent, framed over the fireplace in the reading room. This picture, which represents the founder standing before the yule log of the hall, was the gift of Mr. E. C. Benedict, and of it Thomas Bailey Aldrich wrote:

That face which no man ever saw
And from his memory banished quite,
With eyes in which are Hamlet's awe
And Cardinal Richelieu's subtle light,
Looks from this frame. A master's hand
Has set the master player here,
In the fair temple that he planned
Not for himself. To us most dear
This image of him! "It was thus
He looked; such pallor touched his cheek;
With that same grace he greeted us—
Nay, 'tis the man, could it but speak!"
Sad words that shall be said some day—
Far fall the day! O cruel Time,
Whose breath sweeps mortal things away,
Spare long this image of his prime,
That others standing in the place
Where, save as ghosts, we come no more,
May know what sweet majestic face
The gentle Prince of Players wore!

Four paintings of great interest in the hall are John Collier's Edwin Booth in the character of Richelieu, Sir Thomas Lawrence's John Philip Kemble as Hamlet, and two by Sargent, one of Lawrence Barrett and one of Joseph Jefferson in the character of Dr. Pangloss. Here, also, are portraits of W. J. Florence, of Mrs. Gilbert, and of Fanny Davenport. But the portraits of the Players are not confined to the main floor. From top to bottom they adorn the walls of the rooms and one side of the broad winding staircase. The front of the main floor, facing on Gramercy Park, is given over to the long reading-room and the writing-room. Back of the reading-room is the main hall, and beyond is the grill-room, the windows of which command a view through the garden, to Nineteenth Street. Between the hall and the grill-room there are on each side of the passageway safes filled with curious relics. Here is a spring dagger, formerly the property of Edwin Forrest, the crooked staff which Charlotte Cushman used when playing Meg Merrilies, a ring that once belonged to David Garrick, and the blonde wig which Fechter wore as Hamlet.

A club has been defined as an institution supported by a thousand men for the benefit of a hundred. If this definition applies to the Players, it must be said that the benefiting hundred is very representative. If you will go into the grill-room—perhaps the most beautiful and original room in the house, with its

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oaken beams overhead and its blue tiled fireplaces at either end—at the hour of luncheon, you will see men who are eminent in every profession. To begin with the church, Dr. Rainsford makes his way here not infrequently, and Bishop Potter comes from time to time. Almost every day the arbiters of the *Century Magazine,* Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson and Mr. Buell, will be found seated round one of the corner tables. Among other magazine men who frequent the Players at this time of day are Mr. Caspar Whitney of *Outing,* Mr. Cosgrave of *Everybody's,* when he is not in Boston urging on Mr. Lawson to fresh instalments of "Frenzied Finance;" Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine of *St. Nicholas,* Mr. Bovden and Mr. Burnett of *McClure's,* Mr. Dwyer of the *Delineator,* and David Monroe of the *North American Review.** About the round table in the bay window will usually be found a gathering of painters and sculptors, men like St. Gaudens and Reid and Smedley. Among those who work on canvas will bitterly resent the word "artist," holding that the term has become ignoble through its abuse, and styling themselves simply "painter-men." More likelv than not you will catch a glimpse of Oliver Herford buttonholing a friend in order to perpetrate an anecdote or a *bon mot,* which in his case is pardonable, even commendable, for either the *bon mot* or the anecdote is certain to be good. Ensconced in a great chair in the reading-room is Mr. Hamlin Garland. Sitting at a nearby round table are Mr. Booth Tarkington and two or three of his intimates. The time that he devotes to Clubland Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman divides between the Players and the Century, and the same may be said of Mr. Brander Matthews.

At the dinner hour the assemblage is somewhat different. Those connected with the dramatic profession, whose active work is just beginning, dine early, while later come the men whose labour for the day is done. But the great gathering of the actors takes place at the Saturday midnight supper, after the theatres are out and the Thespian may sit down to a few hours of good cheer with the pleasant consciousness that there are before him almost two days of rest before he is called again to his nightly task. Then, if the season is right, you will find in the grill-room the greater part of the actors with whose names theatre-goers are most familiar —men like Mansfield,* John Drew, Otis Skinner, Francis Wilson, James K. Hackett; playwrights like Augustus Thomas, and managers like Belasco and Daniel Frohman.

Of the two annual feasts of the Players, Founder's Night is the most conspicuous. At midnight on New Year's eve the members assemble to commemorate the opening of the club and to drink to the memory of Edwin Booth. From four o'clock in the afternoon until the next morning all guests are excluded from the privileges of the club, for Founder's Night is felt to be an event in which the Players alone should participate. Toward eleven o'clock the club-house begins to fill. A few minutes before midnight there begins an address by some prominent member, which comes to a close when the clock begins striking the advent of a new year, and the Loving Cup is passed from hand to hand. With this ceremony the formal part of the evening is at an end, and the Players pass around wishing one another "A Happy New Year," after which they repair to the heavily laden tables that are set in the grill-room and in the private dining-room on the floor above, finishing the night's celebration with impromptu speeches and song.

Any mention of the Players would be incomplete without a description of its library, which contains what is probably the finest collection of dramatic works in America. The library is a long room occupying most of the second floor. Here is an atmosphere of repose,

*July, 1905.

*July, 1905.

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with the comfortable arm-chairs, the shaded movable reading lamps, and from the walls the portraits of the great actors and actresses of the past looking down. On a table in the centre are the three huge volumes which were designed to contain the photographs of all the members of the club. But even of the members of the early years there are many portraits missing; of later years members have been neglectful in furnishing portraits, and the collection is incomplete. Just off the main library there is a little square room in which are kept the books of Edwin Booth, the working library of a Shakespearean tragedian. On the same floor, looking down on the garden with its playing fountain, is the room which serves as the private dining-room or the card-room. On the walls of this room there are half a dozen landscapes, two of them being scenes in Louisiana painted by Mr. Jefferson. The third and fourth floors are divided into living rooms for the members and to the rooms which served as the last home of the founder. Adjoining the Booth apartment is the large room occupied by Lawrence Barrett from the time the club was opened until his death. On the door between there was a great door-harp that sounded whenever the door was pushed. After Barrett died the door was not used, and Booth ever after said, "I like to look at that door, for through it Barrett always came to me heralded by music."

Comment has been made that the Player showing the club to a guest who is visiting it for the first time will in nine cases out of ten proceed along a conventional line. Casually and offhand he will point out first of all the pool room and the offices in the basement. Then he will take the guest up one flight, call attention to the reading-room and the Sargent's Booth, the great fireplace in the hall, the grill-room, and the tables set on the veranda for dining when the weather is pleasant. Another flight upward and the visitor is introduced to the various attractions and interesting books of the library, the great portfolios of Gilray's drawings and the rare volumes which deal with the history of the stage. When the rooms of Mr. Booth, which have been kept to this day exactly as they were at the time of his death, are reached, there will come over the Player a certain instinctive quiet. In a low voice he will call attention to the wreath on the pillow, to the various portraits, to the volume of William Winter's poems which the Founder was reading his last night on earth, and which has been left on the table with the bookmark in the same place ever since. There is an impressiveness about these rooms which reflects the spirit of affection and reverence with which they have ever been held by the club. Down all the years they have remained the same—retaining something of the sad, gentle personality of Edwin Booth.

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A translation of the *Biography, Instructions for Practical Life, Record of Discourses and Letters* of the notable Chinese philosopher who lived during the last part of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries.

Religion and Theology

How One Church Went Through a War. By W. Spooner Smith. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.

Sermons preached by the late Rev. W. Spooner Smith to his congregation at Guilford, Connecticut, during the Civil War, tracing the course of the war.

Sermon Reading. From the Note Book of the Octogenarian Traveller. By W. Spooner Smith. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A brief history of the development of preaching from the extemporaneous sermons of the untrained preacher to the carefully thought out sermons of the trained clergyman.

Sociology and Economics

Everybody's Business. A Business Man's Interpretation of Social Responsibility. By Charles Eisenman. Cleveland, Ohio: The Burrows Brothers Company.

The author takes the stand that it is the business of industry and not of philanthropy alone to remedy the evils of the present social system.

Poverty and Social Progress. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

A survey of the problems of poverty, showing the one-sided character of many of the explanations of its causation, and furnishing the starting point for a programme of prevention. Intended to be of use in college courses on charities, poverty, etc., and to those interested in these questions.

Sociology. By John M. Gillette. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 50 cents net.

An outline dealing with the main features of the study of society and sociology.

Social Problems: A Study of Present-day Social Conditions. By Ezra Thayer Towne. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

A text-book for beginners in the study of social problems. Some of the questions covered are immigration, child labour, labour organisations, the feeble-minded and the insane, marriage and divorce, etc.

Political Economy

Addresses on International Subjects by Elihu Root. Collected and Edited by Robert Bacon and James Brown Scott. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

The collected addresses and state papers of Elihu Root, of which this is one of several volumes, cover the period of his service as Secretary of War, as Secretary of State, and as Senator of the United States.

Reclaiming the Ballot. By Ward Macauley. New York: Duffield & Company. 75 cents net.

Points out the evils in the present system of casting and counting ballots at elections, and suggests a remedy.

Preparedness

Inviting War to America. By Allan L. Benson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.

A discussion of the question of preparedness from the Socialist's point of view.

War Books

Action Front. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.35 net.

More war sketches and trench stories by the author of *Between the Lines*.

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For England. By H. Fielding Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

A group of stories and poems having for its central theme England's part in the war.

From Mons to Ypres with General French. A Personal Narrative. By Frederic Coleman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations and Map. $1.50 net.

The personal impressions of an American with the British forces in France.

The Luck of Thirteen. Wanderings and Flight Through Montenegro and Serbia. By Mr. and Mrs. Jan Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

An account of the authors' experiences while doing relief work in Serbia and Montenegro.

Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War. By Various German Writers. Translated by William Wallace Whitlock. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.00 net.

A translation of *Deutschland und der Weltkrieg* published in Germany in 1915. A collection of essays for the most part by professors in German and Austrian universities, revealing the historical, cultural and social foundations of modern Germany.

The Restoration of Europe. By Alfred Hermann Fried. Translated from the German by Lewis Stiles Gannett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

Seeks to make clear the causes of the war and to offer a plan for the federation of Europe.

The Things Men Fight For. With Some Application to Present Conditions in Europe. By H. H. Powers. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A survey of the European situation and an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the war through a study of the national sentiments and desires of the warring nations. Some of the questions discussed are the relation of the Far East to the West, the control of trade routes, the future of nationalities, etc.

War and Civilisation. An Open Letter to a Swedish Professor. By J. M. Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.00 net.

Professor Steffin, the holder of the Chair of Social Science at Stockholm, produced a book in which he justified the policy of Germany. The author of this book analyses the political and sociological argument, and presents a strong counter indictment.

What is Coming? By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A forecast of conditions after the war. The work discusses the psychological changes, the industrial and diplomatic developments, the reorganisations in society, etc.

With Botha's Army. By J. P. Kay Robinson. With Introductory Letter by General Botha. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.25 net.

The story of the campaign in German Southwest Africa under General Botha.

With the Zionists in Gallipoli. By J. H. Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The story of the Zion Mule Corps—Russian born refugees from Palestine—and their distinguished service on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Education

The Education of Boys. Conde B. Pallen. New York: The America Press.

A series of letters which originally appeared in the *Dolphin*, condemning the practice of sending Catholic boys to non-Catholic educational institutions.

English Literature. By Julian W. Abernathy. New York: Charles E. Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A history of English literature for use in schools and colleges. The work is supplemented by chronological outlines of history and literature, a general bibliography, and an index.

Self-Reliance: A Practical and Informal Discussion of Methods of Teaching Self-Reliance, Initiative and Responsibility to Modern Children. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.

In the *Childhood and Youth Series*, edited by M. V. O'Shea.

Hygiene

Alcohol: Its Influence on Mind and Body. By Edwin F. Bowers. New York: Edward J. Clode. $1.25 net.

A study of the question based on scientific facts from which the author draws the conclusion that alcohol is neither stimulant, medicine nor food, and that its use, even in small amounts, works harm to mind and body.

Domestic Economy

A-B-C of Home Saving. By Lissie C. Farmer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

Suggestions for economies in the home.

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Allied Cookery. British, French, Italian, Belgian, Russian. Arranged by Grace Clergue Harrison and Gertrude Clergue. To Aid the War Sufferers in the Devastated Districts of France. Introduction by Hon. Raoul Dandurand. Prefaced by Stephen Leacock and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 50 cents.

A compilation of the most approved recipes of the Allies. The work contains recipes for soups, fish, meats and entrées, curries, pastes, cheese, sauces, salads, vegetables, puddings, cakes, etc.

Business

Making Money Make Money or, A Primer of Investing. By H. L. Barber. Chicago: A. J. Munson & Company. Frontispiece. $1.50 net.

Advice as to the best means of investing money. The book contains a glossary of financial terms.

Making Type Work. By Benjamin Sherbow. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

The book deals with the principles of type choice and arrangement for advertising and other purposes, emphasising the advertising phase of the subject, but aimed to be of service to every one who uses the printed word—editors, publishers, printers, etc.

1600 Business Books. A List By Authors, By Titles and By Subjects. Compiled by Sarah A. Ball, in Charge of the Business Branch, Under the Supervision of John Cotton Dana, Librarian Free Public Library of Newark, New Jersey, Chairman of the Committee of Libraries of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. White Plains, New York: The H. W. Wilson Company. 75 cents.

A guide to books, directories and periodicals relating to business, commerce and finance.

Art

The Antique Greek Dance, After Sculptured and Painted Figures. By Maurice Emmanuel. Translated by Harriet Jean Beauley. With Drawings by A. Collombar and the Author. New York: John Lane Company. $3.00 net.

A study of the history and art of dancing based on the theory that while the anatomy of the human body remains the same, the method of movement cannot alter; the modern dance must obey the same laws as the antique dance. A great part of the book treats of modern ballet steps and tempos.

Certain Contemporaries. A Set of Notes in Art Criticism. By A. E. Gallatin. New York: John Lane Company. Illustrated.

Critical essays and examples of the work of contemporary artists, including William Glackens, Ernest Lawson, John Sloan, Walter Gay, Boardman Robinson and others. The essays are reprinted from various magazines.

A History of Sculpture. By Harold North Fowler. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A sketch of the history of sculpture from the beginnings of civilisation in Egypt and Babylonia to the present day, intended for the general reader.

The Venus of Milo: An Archæological Study of the Goddess of Womanhood. By Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

Sports

Lawn Tennis Lessons for Beginners. By J. Parmly Paret. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A handbook for the amateur tennis player.

Essays, General Literature

The Business of Being a Friend. By Bertha Condé. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

A study of friendship based on the author's experiences in her work with the Young Women's Christian Association. In various chapters she discusses "How Friends Come," "The Marks of a Lasting Friendship," "The Pain and the Cost," etc.

Dante: How to Know Him. By Alfred M. Brooks. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.

A critical analysis of *The Divine Comedy*, with a short sketch of Dante's life and a study of the conditions of his time.

Inter Arma, Being Essays Written in Time of War. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Essays on "War and Literature," "The Unity of France," "The Desecration of French Monuments," "The Napoleonic Wars in English Poetry," "War Poetry in France," "A French Satirist in England," and "The Neutrality of Sweden." The work contains an index.

Poetry and Drama

Albion and Rosamand, and The Living Voice. Two Dramas. By Anna Wolfrom. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.25 net.

The first play is based on the theme that the quality of civilisation deteriorates

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with the intermingling of races; the second on the idea that the voice of the dead has a greater influence than the voice of the living.

Ephemera: Greek Prose Poems. By Mitchell S. Buck. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown. $2.25 net.
Two groups of rhythmic prose under the headings of "Syrinx" and "Lesbia," presenting the life of ancient Greece. A limited edition.

Epitaphs of Some Dear Dumb Beasts. By Their Mistress, Isabel Vallé. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
A collection of short verses written in memory of the author's animal pets.

Everyman Militant: A Modern Morality. By Ewing Rafferty. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
A dramatic poem in three acts based on the war.

Flashlights. By Mary Aldis. New York: Duffield & Company. $1.25 net.
A collection of verse for the most part in the new verse forms. Many of the poems have appeared in various magazines.

A Harvest of German Verse. Selected and Translated by Margaret Münsterberg. With a Foreword by Kuno Francke. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.25 net.
An anthology of short poems, folk-songs and ballads, love poems, hymns, serious and humourous verse selected from the work of notable German poets from the twelfth century to the present day.

The Pipes o' Pan: A Wood Dream. By Sylvia Sherman. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. $1.00 net.
A dramatic poem in three acts, telling of the fortunes of a gypsy maid who finds her way into Arcadia, and there in the company of Pan and his playmates, seeks to forget her human nature.

Poems. By Chester Firkins. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.
Selections from the work of the author which has appeared in various periodicals. The poems are grouped under the headings of "Poems of City Life," "Poems of the Northwest," "Miscellaneous," "Poems of Childhood," "Humorous Verse."

Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. By Thomas MacDonagh, P. H. Pearse (Padraic MacPiarais), Joseph Mary Plunkett and Roger Casement. Edited by Padraic Colum and Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 50 cents.
A collection of the principal poems, mostly of a patriotic nature, by leaders of the recent Irish insurrection. There is a biographical and historical introduction by Padraic Colum.

Poems of Panama and Other Verse: Founded upon Adventures in the Wanderings of One of Nature's Nomads. By George Warburton Lewis. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. $1.00 net.
A volume of verse inspired by the author's travels in many lands.

The Rime Nuove of Giosué Carducci. Translated from the Italian by Laura Fullerton Gilbert. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.
Translations of some of the poems of a notable Italian poet of the nineteenth century.

Ships in Port. By Lewis Worthington Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.
A collection of miscellaneous verses reprinted from various magazines.

Songs of Armageddon and Other Poems. By George Sylvester Viereck. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00 net.
Verses grouped under three headings: "The Book of Armageddon," "The Book of the Dead," and "The Book of Helen and Marguerite."

Songs of a Golden Age and Other Poems. By Elizabeth F. Sturtevant. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Frontispiece. $1.00 net.
A group of miscellaneous verses.

Songs of a Vagrom Angel. Written down by Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.00 net.
A collection of forty-nine lyrics. The author explains in her preface that these songs were dictated by some being from another world and taken down by her in the course of twenty-two hours.

Fiction

The Bright Eyes of Danger: Being a Chronicle of the Adventures of Edmund Layton of Darehope-on-Liddisdaill in the Troubled Years 1745 and 1746; How He Rode from the Border to the Lothian and what Befell him There; His Quest on the Moray Seaboard; and his Personal Dealings with the Young Pretender; All of Which Came of Meddling in Other Folks' Affairs; Written by Himself, and Now Edited by John Foster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. $1.35 net.

The Fall of a Nation. A Sequel to *The Birth of a Nation.* By Thomas Dixon. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A story of the attempted conquest of the

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United States by a foreign nation in 1918. *An appeal for national preparedness.*

Good Old Anna. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.
The heroine is a simple and faithful German nurse who lived for many years with an English family, and who when the war broke out became the unconscious tool of the German organisation.

Go Forth and Find. By Edward S. Moffat. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. $1.35 net.
A novel based on the increasing social unrest among women upon whom the butterfly existence of social life has begun to pall. The heroine is a wealthy young Philadelphia woman who goes to New York to work and find happiness.

The Grasp of the Sultan. Anonymous. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
The romance of a young English tutor and a beautiful Greek girl, with a background of life in the Sultan's harem.

Halt! Who's There? By the author of *Aunt Sarah and the War*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.
Stories showing the fine spirit of the wounded men in a war hospital.

His Robe of Honour. By E. S. and J. F. Dorrance. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. $1.30 net.
A novel based on the corruption of law as practised in New York to-day, and portraying the struggles of a young Supreme Court judge who desires uprightness.

The Human Boy and the War. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
Sketches of English school-boy life picturing the effect of the war on the hearts and minds of the English youth far away from the battlefield.

The Lightning Conductor Discovers America. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.
The story of an automobile tour through New England, with plenty of romance, mystery and adventure. Illustrated with many photographs of picturesque places in New England.

The Play-Acting Woman. By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $1.35 net.
The story of a young Scottish barrister, the chief interest lying in his affection for a famous actress.

The Plunderers. By Edwin Lefevre. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. $1.25 net.
The story of a secret band of shrewd and fearless men who by ingenious and dramatic ways relieve New York plutocrats of their superfluous wealth.

The Prisoner. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.
The story of an ex-convict and of his readjustment with life after his release. The scene is laid in a New England village.

The Soldier Boy. By C. Lewis Hind. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.
Little sketches of the war illustrating the spiritual rather than the material gains of those engaged in the conflict.

Three Sons and a Mother. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.
The story of a Scotch mother and her three boys, their childhood and their careers.

The Way of All Flesh. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. $1.50 net.
A satirical novel written between 1872 and 1884 and depicting the life of that period. The work is largely autobiographical.

When Pan Pipes. A Fantastic Romance. By Mary Taylor Thornton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.
A romantic novel of the thirties.

The World Mender. By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Company. $1.35 net.
The career of George Darrell from the place of a poor village boy to a position of political and social influence. The story tells of the struggle between his ambitions and his ideals, with the final triumph of his better self.

Juvenile Books

The Boys' Book of Hunting and Fishing. Practical Camping-Out, Game-Fishing and Wing-Shooting. By Warren H. Miller. Foreword by Dan Beard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A simple and practical book of instructions for the amateur.

The Monster-Hunters. By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.25 net.
A story of a boy's adventures on an expedition exploring for the skeletons of prehistoric monsters.

The Way of the Hills. The Way of the Rivers. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 55 cents each.
Two volumes in *The King's Highway Series*, edited by E. Hershey Sneath, George Hodges and Henry Hallam

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Tweedy. The series consists of eight books embodying a graded system of moral and religious instruction for the home and school, the method of teaching being through story, biography and history.

Travel and Description

The Gate of Asia. A Journey from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea. By William Warfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

The narrative of a journey undertaken before the outbreak of the war through Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, Armenia, and the Persian province of Azerbaijan.

Wild Life in the Rocky Mountains. By George Frederick Ruxton. A True Tale of Rough Adventure in the Days of the Mexican War. Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. With map. $1.00 net.

A continuation of the author's *Adventures in Mexico* in the *Outing Adventure Library*, giving the story of his adventures on a journey northward from Chihuahua to the Rocky Mountains in 1846.

Biography, Memoirs

A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. By Edith O'Shaughnessy (Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy). Letters from the American Embassy at Mexico City, covering the dramatic period between October 8, 1913, and the breaking off of diplomatic relations on April 23, 1914, together with an account of the occupation of Vera Cruz. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By George Earle Buckle in Succession to W. E. Monypenny. Volume IV. 1855-1868. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

Volume four in the biography of Benjamin Disraeli. The work is to be completed in five volumes.

The Life Story of Captain Anthony Wilding. By A. Wallis Myers. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

An intimate biography of the world's lawn tennis champion recently killed in the trenches. The work contains many of Captain Wilding's letters, some of them written at the front.

Memorandum Written by William Rotch in the Eightieth Year of His Age. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

The reminiscences of a Nantucket Quaker born in 1734. A limited edition.

The Memoirs of a Physician. From the Russian of Vikenty Veressayev. Edited with an Introduction, Notes and Appendices by Henry Pleasants, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

A young Russian physician's impressions and experiences.

Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions. By Frank Harris. New York: Printed and Published by the Author. Illustrated.

A new and enlarged edition of a biography first brought out in 1909.

General Works, Miscellaneous

Making Happiness Epidemic. By William Vernon Backus. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents.

Practical suggestions for creating and maintaining an atmosphere of optimism.

One Hundred Best Books. With a Commentary and An Essay on Books and Reading. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. 75 cents.

A list of books aimed to be of value to those who "read purely for the pleasure of reading."

Peeps into the Psychic World: The Occult Influence of Jewels and Many Other Things. By M. MacDermot Crawford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

The work contains chapters on dreams, presentiments, re-incarnations, some old-fashioned ghost stories, etc.

Practical Landscape Gardening. The Importance of Careful Planning—Locating the House—Arrangement of Walks and Drives—Construction of Walks and Drives—Lawns and Terraces—How to Plant a Property—Laying Out a Flower Garden—Architectural Features of the Garden—Rose Gardens and Hardy Borders—Wild Gardens and Rock Gardens—Planting Plans and Planting Lists. By Robert B. Cridland. New York: A. T. De La Mare Printing and Publishing Company. $1.50.

Designed to appeal to suburban home owners of moderate means.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of June and the first of July:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York (Downtown)	The Border Legion	The Seed of the Righteous
New York (Uptown)	The Dark Forest	Green Mansions
Albany, N. Y.	The Border Legion	Under the Country Sky
Atlanta, Ga.	Bars of Iron	Behold the Woman!
Baltimore, Md.	The Bent Twig	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Birmingham, Ala.	Just David	Under the Country Sky
Boston, Mass.	Seventeen	Bars of Iron
Chicago, Ill.	Seventeen	The Dark Forest
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Border Legion	Just David
Dallas, Texas	Seventeen	Under the Country Sky
Denver, Colo.	Just David	Seventeen
Des Moines, Ia.	Just David	Seventeen
Detroit, Mich.	Seventeen	Just David
Detroit, Mich.	Seventeen	Just David
Kansas City, Mo.	Dear Enemy	Seventeen
Louisville, Ky.	Seventeen	Just David
Los Angeles, Cal.	Green Mansions	The Proof of the Pudding
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Proof of the Pudding	Bars of Iron
Milwaukee, Wis.	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
New Haven, Conn.	Seventeen	The Prisoner
New Orleans, La.	Bars of Iron	Life and Gabriella
Norfolk, Va.	Just David	The Fall of a Nation
Omaha, Neb.	The Adventurer	The Seed of the Righteous
Philadelphia, Pa.	Just David	Bars of Iron
Philadelphia, Pa.	Bars of Iron	Seventeen
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Seventeen	Old Judge Priest
Portland, Me.	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	Seventeen
Portland, Ore.	The Border Legion	The Bent Twig
Providence, R. I.	Just David	Under the Country Sky
Rochester, N. Y.	Nan of Music Mountain	The Border Legion
St. Louis, Mo.	Just David	Under the Country Sky
St. Louis, Mo.	The Real Adventure	Bars of Iron
St. Paul, Minn.	Seventeen	Just David
San Antonio, Tex.	Seventeen	Behold the Woman!
San Francisco, Cal.	Seventeen	The Real Motive
Seattle, Wash.	Seventeen	A Cathedral Singer
Utica, N. Y.	The Prisoner	The Proof of the Pudding
Waco, Tex.	The Border Legion	The Real Adventure
Washington, D. C.	The Strange Case of Mason Brant	Just David
Worcester, Mass.	The Border Legion	Bars of Iron

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Fall of a Nation	Fulfillment	Proof of the Pudding	Cappy Ricks
Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain	I Spy	Come Out of the Kitchen
Seventeen	Just David	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	The Wiser Folly
The Border Legion	The Fifth Wheel	The Finding of Jasper Holt	Proof of the Pudding
The Abyss	Behold the Woman!	Proof of the Pudding	Just David
Seventeen	Old Judge Priest	The Border Legion	Proof of the Pudding
Nan of Music Mountain	Just David	The Border Legion	The Dark Forest
Proof of the Pudding	The Bent Twig	The Border Legion	Just David
Nan of Music Mountain	The Rudder	Behold the Woman!	The Daredevil
Just David	The Border Legion	Seven Miles to Arden	Within the Tides
John Bogardus	Under the Country Sky	Bars of Iron	The Border Legion
Proof of the Pudding	Her Husband's Purse	The Border Legion	The Daredevil
Held to Answer	Under the Country Sky	The Abyss	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Nan of Music Mountain	Seed of the Righteous	Under the Country Sky	Proof of the Pudding
Bars of Iron	Behold the Woman!	Just David	Nan of Music Mountain
The Daredevil	Old Judge Priest	Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain
The Fall of the Nation	The Dark Forest	Behold the Woman!	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Mr. and Mrs. Pierce	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America	The Golden Hope	I Spy
Cappy Ricks	The Border Legion	Under the Country Sky	The Light that Lies
Seed of the Righteous	The Golden Hope	Just David	Viviette
Seventeen	Behold the Woman!	The Bent Twig	Viviette
The Border Legion	Viviette	Proof of the Pudding	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Cappy Ricks	The Daredevil	The Door of Dread	
Seventeen	Her Husband's Purse	Master 44	Dear Enemy
Just David	Behold the Woman!	Proof of the Pudding	The Daredevil
The Abyss	Just David	Green Mansions	A Western Warwick
The Border Legion	Nan of Music Mountain	Proof of the Pudding	Under the Country Sky
Seventeen	Nan of Music Mountain	Happy Valley	John Bogardus
Ramona	The Prisoner	Bars of Iron	Proof of the Pudding
The Daredevil	Old Judge Priest	Just David	The Fifth Wheel
Bars of Iron	The Border Legion	The Beasts of Tarzan	The Bent Twig
Nan of Music Mountain	The Daredevil	Just David	The Golden Woman
Nan of Music Mountain	The Border Legion	The Bent Twig	The Real Adventure
The Real Adventure	Come Out of the Kitchen	Bars of Iron	Nan of Music Mountain
The Yellow Dove	David Penstephen	John Bogardus	The Abyss
The Border Legion	The Daredevil	The Fall of a Nation	Old Judge Priest
Under the Country Sky	Behold the Woman!	The Border Legion	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Just David	Life and Gabriella	Seventeen	The Fifth Wheel
Bars of Iron	People Like That	Old Judge Priest	The Lightning Conductor Discovers America
Just David	The Hermit Doctor of Gaya	Under the Country Sky	The Bent Twig

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The First Hundred Thousand. Hay.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.
A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. O'Shaughnessy.
How to Live. Fisher and Fiske.
The Pentecost of Calamity. Wister.
Kitchener's Mob. Hall.
Under the Apple Trees. Burroughs.
Efficient Living. Purinton.
Androcles and the Lion, Overruled, Pygmalion. Shaw.
On Being Human. Wilson.
Men of the Old Stone Age. Osborn.
Fear God and Take Your Own Part. Roosevelt.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 670 and 671) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	lists	receives		10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"		8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"		7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"		6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"		5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"		4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Just David. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25	202
2. Seventeen. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	200
3. The Border Legion. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	149
4. Bars of Iron. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.50	118
5. Nan of Music Mountain. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.35	83
6. The Proof of the Pudding. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	81

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